

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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in a 1948

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In any one of these five exclusive new SCAMP models, you will welcome the candid camera. They're fashioned for allure... they're non-fading... they're made of genuine imported Lastex... they're excitingly styled... they're IT! In the water or out, a SCAMP flatters the figure... attracts appreciative eyes... puts you RIGHT in the picture:

IT'S YOUTH... IT'S GRACE... IT'S SCAMP



Tradewinds

Spindrift

TanTalk

Buccaneer

Bowsun

Picture in the Paper

By . . .

JOHN NIELD



hand her the usual little card, she stopped and eyed him more closely.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

"I work for the 'Daily Sensation.' They've sent me out to get a human interest story for to-morrow's issue. I think you may be it. Will you please tell me why you look so happy?"

He took out his notebook. Pam laughed. "Because I am happy."

"But why?" he persisted. "Why shouldn't I be?" she countered.

The man sighed. "I can think of a lot of reasons. Instead, just give me one reason why you are happy, and it may be front-page news to-morrow."

"There are so many reasons, really," she said. "It's such a beautiful morning; I like walking under trees; I like the sun."

At each reason he had shaken his head. She had the impression she was falling him.

"I've also got a feeling," she lowered her voice, "that something's going to happen to me to-day!"

"Such as?" he waited, pencil in hand.

"I don't know," she confessed. "Nothing ever does happen, but I always wake up feeling that way."

"So do I." He snapped his pocket-book shut. "But it always does happen."

He returned his book to his pocket.

He looked so defeated, his disappointment hurt her.

Suddenly inspiration came and she said: "I know. I've just remembered why I was specially happy coming along just now. It was the trifle we had for breakfast this morning."

But his face remained gloomy. "I see. You eat trifle for breakfast?"

"Only because my father's lost all his money," she explained.

"Of course! Your father losing his money, you would naturally have to eat trifle for breakfast."

"Having such an awkward gas stove," she went on.

"Exactly," he agreed. "Well, thanks. That explains about everything." And raising his hat, he walked on.

Pam looked after him. "I believe," she said aloud, "he thinks I'm mad." Yet it had all been true. . . .

Dad had lost all his money; not spectacularly in one great splash, but just draining steadily away. They'd had to give up their house in the country and come to live in a small flat in the city. Pam plodded doggedly through a secretarial course and managed to get an office job.

But it all sounded very much more tragic than it had actually turned out to be. Laughter came easily to Pam, her zest for life was tremendous.

She made the life she and her father now shared into a great adventure and he got just as much fun out of it as she did.

He kept the place tidy and she wrestled with the cooking. They both agreed she was a born cook, but decided it was a very awkward gas stove. That was why things planned for one meal sometimes turned up at the next—for instance, the trifle.

That morning Pam had left her father puffing contentedly at his pipe surrounded by papers he was correcting for the young men he was coaching. And on the way to the office she had met the photographer—and Fate which she had always known was lurking round the corner waiting for the right moment to come out to meet her.

The following morning when she opened her "Daily Sensation," there was the photograph, occupying the whole of the front page. Her photograph, and under it the sub-editor had let himself go:

In Russia yesterday, Stalin reviewed his troops in the Red Square; in America atomic weapons were front page news; in India further clashes occurred; BUT in a city park this young girl walked where the trees were in blossom and the spring sky was radiant with sunshine, and dared to be HAPPY. To the ordinary, useful, happy people of this world we dedicate this charming picture.

They had touched the picture up, of course, and given Pam a much tidier face, as Dad said. But it really was a very charming picture, full of youth, confidence, and vigor.

When Pam first saw it she felt cold as though she'd committed a crime. She took the paper in to Dad in the kitchen.

He looked astonished, then, as he read, an expression of amused pride twinkled in his face, and he congratulated her.

In the train Pam looked shyly at the people reading their papers; one or two were actually reading the "Daily Sensation." Any moment they might look up and recognise her. They didn't.

She felt cheated. She would like to have grabbed the paper from them, pointed to the picture, and said: "Look, that's ME!"

She bounded into the office expecting to be greeted with a chorus of excited questions. No one took the slightest notice.

Eventually, not to be done out of her triumph, she opened her own



Suddenly inspiration came, and she said: "I've just remembered why I am specially happy."

copy of the paper and showed it to the girl whose office she shared.

"Look," she said, "that's me!"

Helen looked.

"Yes," she said, without enthusiasm, handing the paper back, "it's certainly a bit like you."

"But it is me," insisted Pam, and told the story in one breathless rush. Helen looked shocked, as though Pam had been insulted.

"You could have the law on them," she commented severely.

"But I don't want to," said Pam. "I think it's fun."

"Oh, well, if you don't mind being made an exhibition of . . ." Settling her glasses firmly on her nose, Helen turned back to her typewriter.

Please turn to page 4

DUAL PERSONALITY

Midriff 'jamas — leafy cool for lounging, for sleeping! Fabulous white jersey, spiked with coloured ties. No harsh soaps for this beauty, please! Keep all your undies mint-fresh with ever-so-gentle Lux care.



SHOES ARE

Sleek and slender... ankles in the new high shoes and cobweb-sheer stockings. Keep YOUR legs well-groomed by Luxing stockings after every wearing. That's the way to make stockings last TWICE as long.

IT'S A DREAM BY

Candlelight

After-dark dress. Or cut it shorter for the beach. Cotton chintz with cover-up bolero. Lovely! But don't take risks with left-in perspiration. Lux, used often, keeps the new look in lovely things for seasons.



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HOWEVER, some of the girls in the outer office heard about the picture and they stood in an excited group round Pam's desk and made her walk up exactly how she was looking when she met the photographer.

Then one of the girls who'd been comparing the picture with Pam suddenly shouted: "There's another bit inside."

Under the picture, in heavy leaded type which everyone had missed, a caption read: "See page two."

On page two was this paragraph: "Our Human Interest Picture. If the girl whose picture we show on our front page to-day will contact us, we will hand her a cheque for twenty guineas as an appreciation." "Go and see them at once," everyone chorused.

Pam got permission to leave the office to go to the newspaper office. "Hullo, Sunshine," said the bus conductor, bending over her with a knowing eye.

Pam blushed. "Spotted you as soon as you got on," he said and added: "Had my photo in the 'Sensation' once—five thousand of us at a reunion, plain as plain."

He stopped the bus specially for Pam right outside the "Sensation" offices.

There were ten other girls all waiting to claim. One by one they went in and came out with flaming faces. Finally Pam's turn came. The photographer looked up at her and grinned.

"The real McCoy," he announced. "I should have known that instantly," said the editor, and rose with outstretched hand.

They made quite a fuss of her, gave her tea while the cheque was prepared. Then they had in a cameraman and a picture was taken of the editor handing her the cheque.

Back at the office, Pam found life a little drab.

Oh, well, it's been fun while it lasted, she thought.

Two days later the newspaper sent her a batch of mail. "Fan mail—for me," Pam opened the letters at breakfast.

Four young men proposed four different places of meeting; one—evidently an "all-or-nothing" feller—added "with object matrimony."

One man said she could make him as happy as she was herself by the loss of ten pounds.

Finally there was a brief business-like letter from the Real Life Advertising Agency. If she could make it convenient to call on them by appointment, they wrote, they had a proposition which they thought would be of interest. The signature was Janet McTurk, Publicity Section.

"I should go along," advised Dad, getting a tremendous kick out of the whole thing.

"Some of these agencies are very peculiar people," said Pam doubtfully.

"I'll go with you," volunteered Dad. "They can't be peculiar with both of us."

The Real Life Advertising Agency occupied chromium-plated offices on the first floor of a building so streamlined it looked as if it might "take-off" at any moment.

Out of the whirling torrent of express lifts, commissionaires, telephones, typewriters, dictaphones, they were swept into the quiet back-water of Miss McTurk's office. She rose to greet them, all horn-rimmed elegance and smart hair-do.

She examined Pam with the greatest of interest.

"This is even better than I expected," she admitted. "We had thought of putting your head on another girl's shoulders, but I really don't think it will be necessary."

Miss McTurk deflected a key on her inter-com.

"Mr. Poppinger," she commanded. The door opened. Mr. Poppinger appeared. At a quick glance he consisted of a weak beard, bounded on the north by a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"This is the girl for Krunkly Krisps," announced Miss McTurk. "I think we can use her."

Mr. Poppinger adjusted his glasses.

"Definitely," he agreed. He circled round Pam like a rather uncertain

Picture In The Paper

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dog. "But definitely," he repeated with growing enthusiasm.

"Not quite stock," Miss McTurk gestured delicately. "The hips."

Mr. Poppinger's glasses swivelled into focus.

"Ah, yes," he said, "the hips." He whipped off his glasses to reveal a pair of weak blue eyes.

He chewed the arm of his spectacles for a moment.

"Leave the hips to me," he decided.

"May we know what this is all about?" Dad inquired firmly.

Miss McTurk swept Mr. Poppinger from the room with a wave of her beautifully manicured hand.

"Do sit down," she invited Pam.

"I'll explain."

The firm dealt in advertising; the Great Human Story told in strip form—such epics as that of Winnie the Wallflower who finally ends up at the altar because she discovers that Woggs West-Wisps will give her a lovely complexion.

At first the illustrations had been drawn by animators, but it was Miss McTurk's idea to have real photographs of flesh and blood people.

The proprietors of Krunkly Krisps, the great breakfast food, were about to launch another huge campaign. Miss McTurk was planning that campaign. She had decided that the incredible happiness of Miss Pam Travers was to be traced by an enthralled public from picture to picture until the source of its radiance was discovered in the huge packet of Krunkly Krisps adorning her breakfast table.

Miss McTurk discussed terms.

"My father used to say:
'Never suspect people. It's
better to be deceived or mis-
taken, which is only human,
after all, than to be sus-
picious, which is common.'"

—Stark Young.

Figures were mentioned that made Pam feel a bit dizzy.

"Not half enough," said Dad, placidly.

Miss McTurk expanded her delicate nostrils. She descended on Dad tooth and nail.

Actually they finished up on a half-way wage line and Miss McTurk, all sweetness, gave them black tea and lemon.

To her concern Pam found she was expected to give up her job. She'd thought of popping round in her lunch hour, having a picture or two taken, then buzzing back. Miss McTurk explained you didn't pop and you didn't buzz, but took being a model seriously as a profession.

Pam felt like a novice on the flying trapeze, leaving comparative safety to launch out into space. Dad was a great tower of strength. He said: "Chance it," and so Pam chanced it and became a pupil model.

After her training as a model she was passed over to Mr. Poppinger and his fellow wizards of the camera and learned to stand patiently for hours while they lay on the floor or balanced on step-ladders in search of all-important camera angles.

Nothing seemed to come of all this work. Pam became worried. She began to wonder if she were perhaps a hideous flop. But Miss McTurk seemed quite unperturbed and handed Pam her monthly cheque without a wince.

Then suddenly Pam woke one day to a burst of publicity. Posters of her appeared everywhere. She couldn't walk down a street, go to a railway station, take a ride in a bus without her own face looking back at her; magazines and newspapers opened to reveal her to herself. It was like living in a Hall of Mirrors.

Pam became a craze. Comedians had only to mention her name to set their audiences roaring applause.

Her biggest success was the Big-trees Football Pools. Episode after episode led to the finale where she beamed happily over the shoulder of the clever husband who had filled in his form to such good purpose that he could now wrap her form in mink.

John Andrews was her model hus-

band and Pam thought he pushed himself forward a bit too much. She liked those scenes best where she was in his arms and his back was to the camera. She liked his arms but preferred the public to see his back.

The first hint of trouble appeared when Miss McTurk landed the contract for a rival football pool. Pam fully expected to be featured as usual. Then she began to get suspicious of the time John Andrews was spending with Miss McTurk.

Pam met John in the canteen one day.

"Haven't seen you lately," she smiled at him. "You're not dropping out of things, are you?"

"I'm working on the new football campaign," he replied. "Oh, are we going to do it together?"

Her tone irritated him.

"No," he snapped. "If you want to know, there isn't going to be a girl in it at all. The public are fed up with simpering girls. They want to see something more virile, more manly. They want to see a man of brain and determination, getting there by sheer intelligence."

Pam walked out of the canteen outwardly furious, but a fury generated by fear—fear of slipping out of favor and going back to a weekly salary of a single figure.

She went to Miss McTurk and found that John was right.

Soon posters were appearing of John alone. The girls loved him.

Adversity brought out the best in Pam. Her swelled head popped overnight; her smile, now that it was not on tap for so many hours a day, became sweeter. She wondered secretly whether she could still type.

Then the McTurk confided to Pam that the new stunt was already showing signs of petering out.

"Does that mean you'll be going back to the old stuff?" Pam asked. "We never go back," Miss McTurk said with finality.

A day or two later Pam found John Andrews sitting disconsolately in a corner of the canteen by himself. She felt a sudden fellow-feeling for him. She went over and joined him.

"How are you, John?"

"I'm on the way out." He shook his head dismally. "The football pools have told McTurk they're not renewing their account."

"There's a new perfume account coming along," said Pam. "I hear it's going to be an extra big drive."

"I hope you get it," John said.

"No, I hope you get it," Pam smiled at him.

They both got it.

Now Miss McTurk had no cause to complain of lack of co-operation on the part of her models. They really threw themselves into the new campaign. Pam would sit gazing dreamily at John long after the cameras had ceased to click. He would put a protecting arm about her and forget to remove it. When they had to embrace, the cameramen felt in the way.

One lunch hour they slipped off and got married. Miss McTurk complained bitterly at such unprofessional stealth. It would have made such a good stunt—Happy Girl marries your Ideal Husband.

To-day they still look happy, although Miss McTurk has dropped them in favor of a new star, one whose universal appeal has eclipsed them completely.

Not that Pam and John are jealous—they have meekly become mere supers, playing supporting parts, adoring members of his Public.

He is to be seen just now on huge double-poster hoardings. In the first, he is sitting with all John's grim determination, arms folded across his chest, above a caption that reads: "If you want a Quiet Life, you'd better give me my Benders NOW." In the second, replete, and with his hands clasped fondly about his middle, he announces: "I've had my Benders. Good Night, Everybody."

The beaming smile of contentment he turns upon the world is a most flagrant copy of his mother's.

(Copyright)

INSPECTOR GROGAN, assisted by DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, is investigating the murder of LIONEL HONEYMAN at Cliffside, home of wealthy EDGAR RUTHERFORD.

Present at Cliffside are house guests POLLY HONEYMAN, whose divorce from Lionel was about to be made absolute; OWEN SHELTON, in love with Polly; DR. JOHNNY B. BLOW and his fiancée, ELISE PRESTON; Edgar's cousin, FENELLA SHAW; and SUNNY ELLIOT, housekeeper.

Complicating features in the case include an anonymous letter concerning Polly and Owen, found among Lionel's belongings.

There is also the matter of "Smith," a stranger who tried to contact Edgar just before the murder, and was later found collapsing with malaria by HUGH MEDLEY, who took him aboard his nearby houseboat. Edgar and Medley decide to keep "Smith's" whereabouts secret.

Pursuing his investigations, Grogan comes upon an artificial camellia at the scene of the murder. Now read on:

ON the verandah outside the billiard-room window Polly and Sunny were sitting chatting, and from the tennis court came the sound of a game in progress. Inspector Grogan went up to the house and round to the kitchen.

In the big stone-flagged kitchen Mrs. Voss and one of the maids, Agnes McCoy, were sitting. They had a sitting-room of their own, but Mrs. Voss never left the kitchen if she could help it till she went to bed.

Outside this room, with its enormous stove and its pots and pans, she was stripped of her authority and power.

Agnes was sitting across from her altering a dress, and Mrs. Voss was talking in a flat Flemish voice.

They both looked up as Grogan came in. Mrs. Voss lumbered quickly to her feet, but Agnes sat still.

It was to Agnes he spoke: "Miss McCoy, you wait at meals, don't you?"

She rested her sewing on the table. "Yes, I do. I wait at table. And Rita as well at night, when there are people staying like now."

"Well, do you know anything about this artificial flower?" He took the camellia out of his pocket and held it up by the tip of the stalk. "Did you happen to notice anyone around here wearing this lately?"

Both the women looked at it. Mrs. Voss nervously, as though it provided the whole elucidation of the mystery, and Agnes thoughtfully for a minute.

Then she said: "Yes, that came out of Mrs. Honeyman's hair. At least, I have seen her wearing one like it."

"When did she wear it?" "Last night she had one on at dinner. She had on a black dress and no jewellery, just that flower in her hair."

Agnes thought, and how glamorous she'd looked! She pictured herself looking like that some day, a picture that in no way squared with her sallow face and striny figure.

Grogan put the flower away tenderly again. "Last night?" he said. "She wore it last night at dinner?"

"That's right. And when they were having coffee out there on the front verandah. I happened to notice it again. I went out to get the tray while they were still sitting there."

"You have a good eye for detail, haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's just that Mrs. Honeyman—she always seems to wear the right thing . . . you know. Or else it looks right when it's on her. You can't help noticing her, somehow."

"Yes, I know, some women are like that."

Polly was alone when Grogan went back to the verandah. He stopped in front of her. "About last night," he said.

"Yes?"

"At dinner you were wearing a

THE CLIFFSIDE CASE

By . . .
MARGOT NEVILLE

Absorbing
mystery
serial



to think of anyone who might hate her. She couldn't think of one.

He gave a laugh. "Can't picture it, can you? What about that anonymous letter?" That brought her up against a fact she couldn't brush aside. "Listen, darling, there's something I think I'll tell you. Something I've suspected once or twice lately. It's about Elise."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" "Because I have some faint stirrings of chivalry!"

She said sadly: "Darling, don't laugh at chivalry, I still believe in it."

"You'll need to." His tone was dry. "Things are certainly getting tough."

"Well, tell me."

"Well, you know that awful column in the 'Echo'?"

"You mean that social stuff With My Little Eye?"

"Yes, I think Elise writes that, or some of it."

POLLY sat up and stared at him unbelievably. Things certainly were running a bit wild. She said, "What? Elise? Oh, nonsense! What makes you think that?"

"Because Elise's set always figures largely in that column. Haven't you noticed that? Their clothes and comings and goings and their near-scandals."

"Well, naturally. Elise's set is the wealthy one. The young socialites."

"Quite. But once or twice—several times lately, as a matter of fact—I've noticed exactly the same phrases in that column as Elise uses. That might be coincidence, but listen: Do you remember last week when some of us were having

So I was right, she thought, creeping up noiselessly to stare in through the window.

drinks before lunch, Elise asked you what you were going to wear out to dinner that night, and you said you were wearing white?"

Polly said wonderingly, "Did I? But I don't think I did wear white. I think I wore my blue. Because at the last minute I found that a bit of the pearl embroidery on the white was coming unstitched."

He said triumphantly, "Yes, exactly. You changed your mind at the last minute. But Elise knew of your first intention."

"So did Fenella, perhaps. She was there that day, I think."

"Well, anyhow, here's a cutting from next day's 'Echo.' He opened his pocket-book and took out a scrap of newspaper."

She read: "Saw among the dancers Mrs. Lionel Honeyman, glamorous in misty white, pearl-frosted. And, of course, you'll never guess who she was with. Oh-so-handsome Owen Shelton!"

She protested, "But what would Elise write paragraphs in a newspaper for? She's got more money than she knows what to do with."

"There are other motives besides money—a few. She may have a pal in the 'Echo' office, and it gives her a feeling of importance to know all the people in the social swim. She's not very important, Elise, is she? Not in herself. It's only her father's money."

"Yes, I suppose that's true enough."

"So I'm thinking that if she sends in pars about her friends she probably types them, and why not that anonymous letter, too? The mentality of the anonymous letter-writer isn't so different from that

of someone who'd run around being friendly with people while she's storing up their confidence for malicious pars in a newspaper column."

Polly brooded on this a minute. "That paragraph certainly served the same purpose as the letter—hinting things about you and me. But I still can't believe—"

"Don't kid yourself, Polly. Elise hates you. She was in love with Lionel—at least, he'd got her all worked up and excited, and she couldn't make any real headway with him because he was still planning to get you back."

He leant forward suddenly and took her hand. "Was he ever going to? Could he ever have done that?"

"Never."

"Thanks for that." He looked down at her hand with the emerald and diamond ring on the third finger. It was Lionel's engagement ring. She'd got the bill for it after their marriage.

Owen said, turning it round on her finger, "This I shall remove and replace with something charming but I'm afraid not quite so costly!"

"Buy me what you like. I'm sure you will. I'm beginning to think I'm one of those people who always do what somebody else likes."

"Then my job will be to find out first what it is you do like."

She touched her hair again. "Darling, that's really sweet of you. But about Elise, I'm not going to think any more of what you've told me. Or about that letter. We may be wrong. If it's true, the police can find it out."

Please turn to page 10

Brilliant new patterns



in *Hoyle's*
Est. 1782

*Super
Merriespun*

This cool . . . COOL Rayon

comes in patterns so crisp and
brilliant you can use it for
your most dashing frocks
. . . for evening dresses
. . . for those super-smart
casual cocktail frocks
that you might wear to
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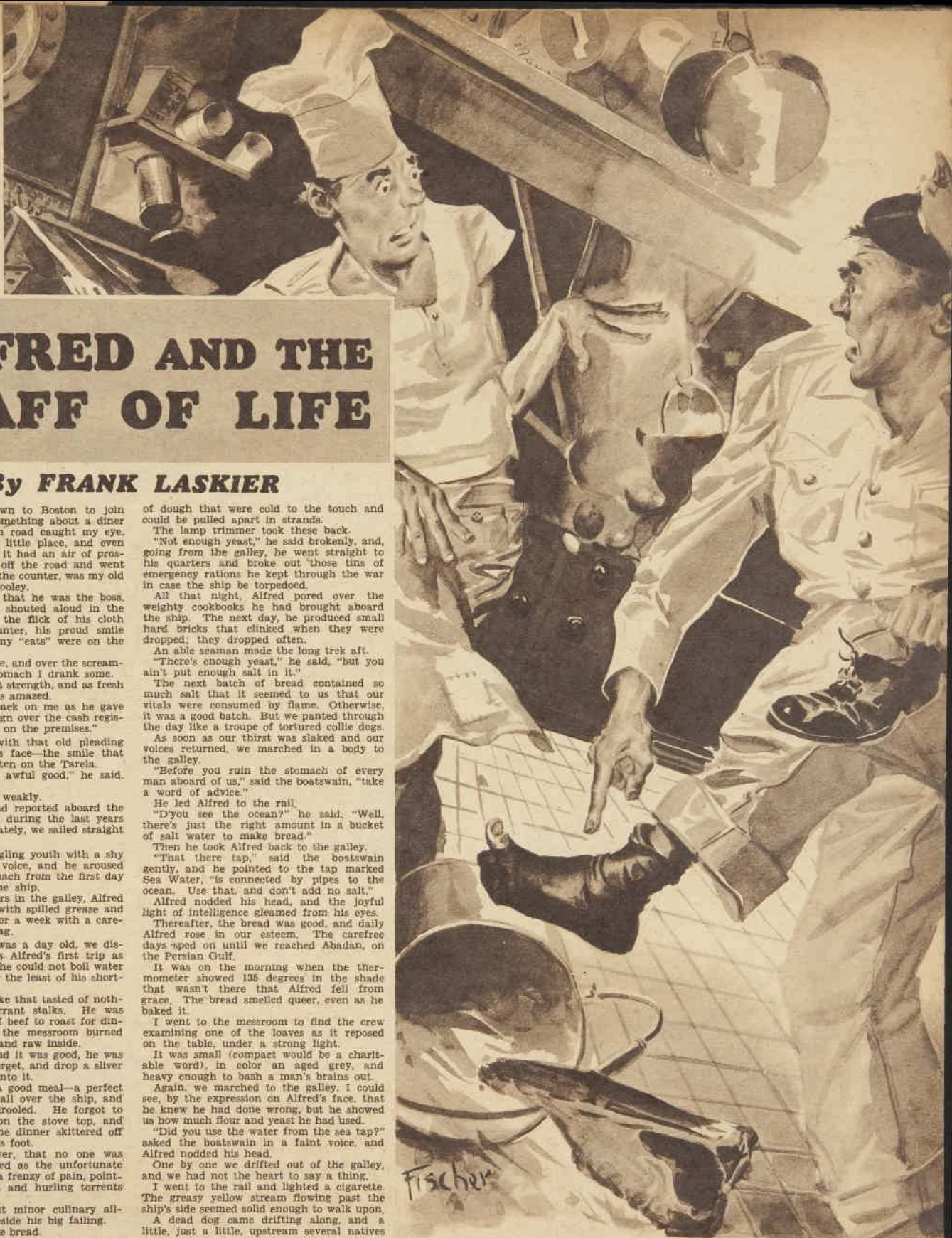
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So say farewell to fuzz. Keep cool
in HOYLE'S SUPER MERRIESPUN.

GUARANTEED FAST GUARANTEED CREASE-RESISTING

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He was like
a Jonah on
the ship . . .
wrecking
anything he
put his hand
to.



ALFRED AND THE STAFF OF LIFE

By FRANK LASKIER

I WAS driving down to Boston to join my ship when something about a diner just off the main road caught my eye. It was a cleanly little place, and even from the outside it had an air of prosperity. I pulled off the road and went in, and there, behind the counter, was my old shipmate, Alfred Gilhooley.

It was easy to see that he was the boss. The information was shouted aloud in the set of his shoulders, the flick of his cloth as he wiped the counter, his proud smile as he told me that my "eats" were on the house.

I took a cup of coffee, and over the screaming protests of my stomach I drank some. It was just the right strength, and as fresh as the morning. I was amazed.

Alfred turned his back on me as he gave an extra rub to the sign over the cash register: "All bread baked on the premises."

He looked at me with that old pleading smile on his guileless face—the smile that had trapped me so often on the Tarela.

"The sandwiches is awful good," he said. "Will ye have one?"

"Half a one," I said weakly.

Alfred Gilhooley had reported aboard the Tarela as ship's cook during the last years of the war. Unfortunately, we sailed straight away.

He was a long, gangling youth with a shy manner and a quiet voice, and he aroused concern in every stomach from the first day he set foot aboard the ship.

In his first two hours in the galley, Alfred set the stove on fire with spilled grease and stopped up the sink for a week with a carelessly disposed dish-rag.

Before the voyage was a day old, we discovered that this was Alfred's first trip as cook, and to say that he could not boil water would be to state only the least of his shortcomings.

He made a plum cake that tasted of nothing but grit and currant stalks. He was given a prime piece of beef to roast for dinner, and it came to the messroom burned black on the outside, and raw inside.

If he made soup, and it was good, he was more than likely to forget, and drop a sliver of blue mottled soap into it.

Once, he made us a good meal—a perfect meal. We sniffed it all over the ship, and our hungry mouths drooled. He forgot to put the guard rails on the stove top, and the ship rolled and the dinner skittered off and landed on a man's foot.

I must add, however, that no one was more upset than Alfred as the unfortunate man danced about in a frenzy of pain, pointing to his burnt foot and hurling torrents of abuse at Alfred.

Still, these were but minor culinary ailments when placed beside his big failing.

Alfred could not bake bread.

Now, on board an old freighter such as the Tarela, we ate a lot of bread. The watch-keepers were always eating sandwiches, and it was a rare hour of the night when there was not a sailor in the galley, slurping down his coffee and bread and jam.

At his first attempt Alfred produced a batch of bread with holes in each loaf, the size of an old-fashioned silver dollar. The boatswain returned these loaves to the galley and placed them on the bench.

"Too much yeast," he said in a weary voice, and Alfred shuffled his feet in shame. Thereupon, he served us small rancid wads

of dough that were cold to the touch and could be pulled apart in strands.

"The lamp trimmer took these back."

"Not enough yeast," he said brokenly, and, going from the galley, he went straight to his quarters and broke out those tins of emergency rations he kept through the war in case the ship be torpedoed.

All that night, Alfred pored over the weighty cookbooks he had brought aboard the ship. The next day, he produced small hard bricks that clunked when they were dropped; they dropped often.

An able seaman made the long trek aft.

"There's enough yeast," he said, "but you ain't put enough salt in it."

The next batch of bread contained so much salt that it seemed to us that our vitals were consumed by flame. Otherwise, it was a good batch. But we panted through the day like a troupe of tortured collie dogs.

As soon as our thirst was slaked and our voices returned, we marched in a body to the galley.

"Before you ruin the stomach of every man aboard of us," said the boatswain, "take a word of advice."

He led Alfred to the rail.

"D'you see the ocean?" he said. "Well, there's just the right amount in a bucket of salt water to make bread."

Then he took Alfred back to the galley.

"That there tap," said the boatswain gently, and he pointed to the tap marked Sea Water, "is connected by pipes to the ocean. Use that, and don't add no salt."

Alfred nodded his head, and the joyful light of intelligence gleamed from his eyes.

Thereafter, the bread was good, and daily Alfred rose in our esteem. The carefree days sped on until we reached Abadan, on the Persian Gulf.

It was on the morning when the thermometer showed 135 degrees in the shade that wasn't there that Alfred fell from grace. The bread smelled queer, even as he baked it.

I went to the messroom to find the crew examining one of the loaves as it reposed on the table, under a strong light.

It was small (compact would be a charitable word), in color an aged grey, and heavy enough to bash a man's brains out.

Again, we marched to the galley. I could see, by the expression on Alfred's face, that he knew he had done wrong, but he showed us how much flour and yeast he had used.

"Did you use the water from the sea tap?" asked the boatswain in a faint voice, and Alfred nodded his head.

One by one we drifted out of the galley, and we had not the heart to say a thing.

I went to the rail and lighted a cigarette. The greasy yellow stream flowing past the ship's side seemed solid enough to walk upon. A dead dog came drifting along, and a little, just a little, upstream several natives sat on the bank, their feet soaking refreshingly in the water.

I turned to find Alfred at my side.

"They told me to use that tap," he said sadly, "but they didn't tell me not to use it in port."

"It wouldn't have mattered," I said. . . .

My thoughts came back with a jolt to the present. I was in the neat little diner, and Alfred was handing me a plate, and on it half a sandwich. I ate it, and it was superb.

"Did you bake this bread?" I asked.

He shook his head.

The unfortunate man danced about in frenzy, hurling
torrents of abuse at Alfred.

"No, my wife does," he whispered. "I'm a married man now, nice little business, doin' well. But I only serve. She won't allow me to cook."

I could scarcely control a grin, and Alfred picked up my empty coffee cup, went to refill it and found the pot was empty.

"I just made more in the other urn," he chattered, and he filled my cup and put it before me.

I took one look at it and pushed the cup back. He looked down, and at least he had the grace to blush.

"Gee," he said, "I plumb forgot."

But, at that, Alfred was showing an improvement.

It was certainly not good coffee, but it was beautifully boiled water.

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You to come home to

The dog was lucky to be with Tom, Lois thought wistfully, as she watched them go off.

LOIS HAMILTON gave a little sigh and nestled closer within her husband's arm as she watched the Australian landscape unfolding outside the train window.

"You're very quiet suddenly," Tom said.

"Thinking." After a moment, Lois went on, "About the day we met in New York. I asked you what the bush was like, and you answered just, 'There's a lot of it.' I see what you meant."

Tom smoothed the soft blondeness of her hair, and there was silence till he said quietly, "We're nearly there."

Lois jerked erect. "I've got to make myself look respectable." She held up her mirror, and gave a little yelp. "Do I really look like that? The bride from America aiming to make a good impression on her new hometown."

Tom grinned. "It's a little different from New York, you know."

"Don't worry, darling. I'll love it anyway." She smiled up at him, then expertly went to work with her lipstick, thinking she was prepared to love everything that went with him.

She would, of course, spend a lot of time riding with Tom. Which brought to mind the very elegant jodhpurs she had brought with her, and the wonderful riding boots and brightly colored shirts. No reason why she shouldn't look attractive when she was mustering sheep and things.

Swishing a comb dexterously through her hair. "It's going to be fun riding on the range with you," she said.

"On the range! I say! Where do you think you are? In Texas?"

"Gulp! What I need is a handbook."

The train, which had been slowing down, gave a jolt.

"Oh! We must be getting there." She moved excitedly to the window.

"No, this isn't it. There are just a few straggling buildings."

"I'll take the suitcases," Tom said.

"You bring the magazines."

He went out of the compartment, and Lois followed him rather numbly as the train jerked to a stop. This was it, then! Their exit was beyond the limit of the platform of the little railway station, and Lois stood gingerly in her thin shoes on the uneven, pebbly ground.

Tom put the luggage down, tilted his hat forward over his eyes, took a deep, satisfied breath, then turned to her—a man at rest in the surroundings he knew.

"We're here," he said quietly.

Lois' eyes had swept briefly over the one street of the township. A few weatherboard shops and houses, with corrugated-iron roofs, standing hotly in the sun—and that's all there was.

Then she caught her husband's eyes begging her to like it, and she managed to smile. "Hello, darling," she said.

His tanned face grew tender, then

he turned to hail an elderly figure slouching across the road towards them. He said, "Wait here. I have to help Bert get the trunks off."

She watched him go into action with an authority that made no fuss. The trunks were soon on a dilapidated utility truck, with Bert at the wheel, while Tom and she and her smaller possessions were packed into a car equally dilapidated, with Tom at the wheel.

As they left the township and drove along the narrow, bumpy bush road, the sunshine seemed to strike the ground all around them, then

rise up in the breathless air, more blazing than ever.

Lois took off her hat. "I left New York in a blizzard, but I doubt if it will snow here to-day." She wiped her streaming face.

"It's not always as hot as this," Tom apologised. "Anyway, the nights are cool."

Lois threw her hat on the back seat, and set forward to get a little air there.

"Are these your fields—I mean paddocks?" she corrected herself quickly.

"No. To reach Wondal we turn left at that fork—see, there."

Lois looked ahead and the immensity of the bush suddenly bore down on her. As they turned at the fork, Tom said, "This fence marks the Wondal boundary." He pointed to a

gumtree, a white-limbed giant, standing like a sentinel in the sun-bent air. "Ten miles from that big chap and we'll be at the homestead."

Lois put her head out of the window for a backward look. "It's a beauty. But so many of the trees seem to be dead."

"Ringbarked," Tom said tersely. He was quiet a moment, then he burst out, "Lois, look at this land. Just look at it!"

She looked. Under the ringbarked trees, it stretched yellow-brown into the distance, either bare ground or sparsely covered with shrivelled grass.

"It was bad enough last week," Tom muttered, "and these last scorching days on top of that—!" He brooded, his teeth clamped tight on his pipe. "Dad overstocked during the war years, then everything went to pot between his dying and

my coming home."

Lois was silent as she stared at this land that didn't look as if it could support a caterpillar, let alone a sheep. Tom began talking about changing the grasses, lighter stocking, improving the breed, and anti-erosion measures.

"—It's going to mean sailing close to the wind for a few years, though, and that's rough on you."

"Oh, no," she protested.

To plan ways of managing efficiently was simple enough. What bothered her was these interminable, unpeopled miles perched on the slender stem of that incredible little township.

"A lot of those trees should never have been ringbarked," Tom said bitterly. "Just let us have one grand old storm and you'll see the topsoil

of Wondal go galloping down the gullies."

The gaunt gumtrees, dried and split open by sizzling sunshine, were bleak grey ghosts, and Lois suddenly had to look away from them. The picture of the life she had so confidently planned began to fade in her mind before the spectre of the bush seated implacably on her doorstep.

"To think I have you to come home to," Tom said the next morning. "I wonder, Lo, if you know what it means to a chap, after all these years with no woman in the house except old Agnes." His eyes under the broad-brimmed hat had a mixture of seriousness and tenderness.

"I'll be back at twelve for dinner," he said, reluctantly giving her a final kiss.

"Just because it's the first day, come back at a quarter of," she pleaded.

He shook his head. "Couldn't do that, but I might come back at a quarter to." With a grin and a parting hug, "Cheerio, Yank!" he said.

"Bye, darling."

Then, to Lois' enthralled admiration, he mounted with a careless swing and rode off as if he and the horse had never been apart. The impatient kelpie ran ahead.

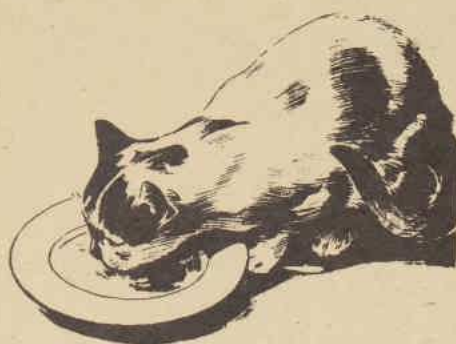
Lois had never seen a sheepdog before, and, as Tom joined up with the two station hands, she watched it scurrying happily around them. The dog was lucky, she thought, to be with Tom.

They passed out of sight into Four Mile Paddock, and then it hit her—something that had been in the back of her mind since yesterday. The silence. The terrific silence.

Please turn to page 22

Page 9

Nine Lives



with but a single thought

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The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 5

WHEN Grogan had left Polly he had gone into the house and came upon Sunny in the hall surrounded by the contents of the cloak cupboard.

Other people might play tennis and bathe and sunbathe, but Sunny was always indoors with a never-ending round of activities that didn't seem to mean a thing.

Now, seated on the hall seat, she looked up mistily at Grogan. She didn't stay like that long.

He showed her the anonymous letter that they'd found in Lionel's flat and began to question her: Did she type? Did she know Honeyman well? What did she feel about his wife, now?

Sunny went right to pieces, then, tearfully, hysterically. One moment she didn't know what he was talking about, and the next she denied everything holus-bolus, including a lot he hadn't ever thought to accuse her of. She threatened vengeance, a libel suit.

She threatened to send for the police!

Edgar came in from the tennis court in the middle of it. He looked at the letter, read it, read it again, and handed it back to Grogan.

Then he lost his temper, too, and told Grogan what he thought of him for daring to suggest that Miss Elliot . . . and so on, and so on.

Polly and Owen could hear their voices right out on the verandah. When Grogan went away, Edgar came out to the verandah. He stood in the long window glaring furiously. "They've got the hide—" he began.

"We heard you," Polly's words fell coolly.

He crossed to the table and poured himself a drink, slopping the gin and rattling glass and bottle. "What right has he got to hint that Sunny would be guilty of a foul trick like that? Writing an anonymous letter?"

"Well, that letter's been written, and he's got to try to find out who did it."

Edgar turned on her. "All right, but why need it be anyone here? Why anyone in this house? Tell me that."

"You know why. Because the paper was torn off the block by the telephone in there."

"How many people in Sydney have got blocks like that? They're sold by the thousands." He was almost shouting at her.

Her eyebrows lifted. "Don't get excited, Edgar. I'm not suggesting that Sunny wrote the letter, I'm only repeating what the Inspector said about the paper."

He said, almost as rudely: "All right, all right, I apologise. Don't let's discuss it any more."

Owen said mildly, trying to cool the atmosphere: "It doesn't do to let that Inspector get under your skin. What you want to remember is that the police get nastiest when they have the least idea where to look for the killer. For all we know, Lionel was shot by your anonymous bloke who came here last night, and they're angry because they can't find him."

"Huh! What makes you think they've had the gumption to look for him?"

"Oh, yes, they have," Polly put in quietly.

Edgar turned suddenly, glass in hand. "How do you know they have?"

"Via Rita, via the ferry and wharf people. They questioned them and nobody remembered noticing him. And there aren't so many people going to Sydney for those mid-evening boats. What I was thinking was that he may be hiding somewhere quite near."

Owen stared at her. "Darling, where?"

Edgar said: "Bosh! Where would he hide round here?" and took his drink and went inside.

A long look passed between Owen and Polly. Her eyebrows went up again, even higher this time.

Owen said thoughtfully: "Yes . . . it looks as though you might have something there."

Grogan went home for dinner that

evening to his prosperous small cottage on the North Shore line.

Just as he was opening the gate a thought came to him, and he stood still a minute, looking across the neat lawn to the Virginia creeper round the windows, but not seeing a thing, following his train of thought, letting the idea spread through his mind.

In the house he went on thinking about it, though he called hullo to Mamie in the kitchen, and stepped out on to the back verandah where his birds were, his lovebirds, his hobby.

He didn't have enough time for them; that was the trouble. Just as well, maybe. A hobby wasn't a hobby if you could give it all you'd got.

For a long time now his aim had been to breed a pure white bird. Two of the birds—two young ones he meant to mate later—were not much bluer than skim milk, and he thought they should hatch out the palest yet.

He stooped to the cage and whistled to them. Bill came sidling down the perch, whistling, too, and Coo began to fluff herself up.

He went through to the dining-room and sat down in the window and took up the evening paper.

Mamie came in and began to lay the table.

He said suddenly over the top of his paper: "I was just thinking about you at the ball the other night, Mamie."

"Thinking about me? What for?"

"That's a nice question. Don't you know I often think about you? You looked the best there, I thought. With that white camellia in your hair."

MAMIE flicked at her husband with a table napkin.

"Come off it, Kev," she said, laughing. "What are you getting at?"

"No, I mean it. Why didn't you wear it at the pictures on Tuesday?"

"With my navy costume?"

"You wouldn't wear it with that, eh? Or say you were in slacks?"

Mamie gave a peal of laughter. "A camellia with slacks! You must be crazy. Or say me in slacks at all!" She turned and went out, playfully emphasising the curves of her forty-inch hips.

He thought he hadn't been wrong. He was no fashion expert, but he'd guessed that a girl in a white tailored suit like Mrs. Honeyman was in the other night wouldn't have her hair all dolled up with flowers in it. Especially a girl like her, like the maid said, who always wore the right thing.

No, if she shot Honeyman she did it when she was in that white suit and the blue-and-white shoes.

He lighted a cigarette and held the match till it burnt his fingers.

Or did the real killer put the camellia there on purpose and drop the pearls into her pocket, as she'd said?

He shook the match and threw it away. She might have shot Honeyman and somebody else planted her flower there to put the police on her trail.

Anyhow, he'd get Ernie to-morrow to see if there were any prints on that camellia, on those green glossy leaves.

Polly was in her room getting ready for bed. It was early, not more than ten o'clock. Soon after dinner people had melted away from each other, and during dinner not one word had been said about the tragedy which, since it was in everybody's mind, had made what talk there was pretty artificial.

It hadn't taken them long to pick up the lesson that one word on the fatal subject led to two, and so on to a landslide. It looked as though they could only preserve a decent balance by keeping quiet.

Edgar had gone straight across to his garden-room, and the sound of his door closing had been like a keep-out notice. Sunny had disappeared, too.

Please turn to page 13

Interesting People



MISS LOUISE BROUGH

... first service sizzles

WIMBLEDON champion, ex-holder and runner-up in 1948 U.S. national women's singles, Miss Louise Brough is one of team invited by Australian Lawn Tennis Association to tour all States. She is unaffected, friendly, a crowd-pleaser wherever she plays. First service is a sizzler, usually accurate. Has great power of concentration and always plays hard. The Brough trademark: Plain tennis frocks, a plain blue ribbon bow on sunbleached hair.



FATHER JOHN DOYLE

... scholar-priest

IMPORTANT contribution to world scholarship has been made by Australian Father John Doyle, translator from original Anglo-Norman of medieval drama "Adam." "This play has held my interest for ten years," he says. "Its language is much more direct and simple than that of Shakespeare." No other English translation of "Adam" is known to him. Born in Victoria, Father Doyle is nearing end of 16 years' theological studies as Jesuit.



MISS JOAN VICKERS, M.B.E.

... painting to politics

SPECIAL facilities to study daily routine of Flying Doctor Service have been given Miss Joan Vickers, of England, who intends to stand for Parliament at next English election. For nine years Lambeth member of London County Council, Miss Vickers worked with Red Cross in India, Java, and Malaya. For past two years has been in Malaya with Department of Social Welfare. Once studied art in Paris. Personal interests, hunting and show jumping.

The elegance of pleating...

● Knife-pleated from top to bottom, the chiffon evening gown, below, is graceful and elegant done in this season's color favorite, pink. Pleats run around the waist in a deep flattering cummerbund.

● The perfect little office dress for the hot days ahead, at left, is done in blue and white spot and features a pleated front panel, plain yoke, and simple collar and cuffs of white starched linen.

● Floral chiffon dress for an occasion, at left, has a full, knife-pleated skirt, a wide open neckline edged with chiffon and a stiff white organza trill. Beneath is a taffeta petticoat with pleated hemline.

● Heavy crepe suit, at right, has an all-round pleated skirt, a simply designed jacket with magyar sleeves, a plain rolled collar. Pleated pocket tops are a clever and simple decoration for the otherwise plain jacket.

● Skirt of the afternoon or race dress, at right, is made in three tiers, finely pleated with the edges ironed out. The bodice is pleated into the wide waistband, with pleating ironed out over shoulders to give new line.



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The Australian Women's Weekly — October 23, 1948

F

OR a while Polly and Owen had sat outside watching glimmers of lightning light the grey of the clouds above the bay. It was still hot, with distant rumblings of thunder from a storm far off.

They hadn't talked much. Polly never had a great stock of small chatter, and Owen, like so many men who have lived for long stretches alone, rarely wasted energy on words.

After an hour or so Polly had got up and said good-night and gone upstairs. It was a kind of relief to close the door of her big, quiet bedroom behind her.

Lionel! The thought came swooping down the minute she was alone. But alone she could meet it, fair and square, and not try to beat it off.

They couldn't understand, none of them could understand, how death had brought about its usual revolution in feeling, dissolving resentment, blotting out intolerance and egotism.

If she showed any signs of being soft about Lionel they would only think her a hypocrite. That was why it was easier to be alone.

She slipped out of her clothes and got into pyjamas of thin cool silk that met her skin soothingly, sat down at the looking-glass, and started to cream her face.

Leaning forward to the glass, one face after another seemed to look back at her. Not her own face any more—she didn't see that—but the faces of all these people she knew at Shell Bay, demanding to know if she accused them . . .

She didn't, she couldn't. Some were too kind, some were too careful, some were too shallow, too timid, too uninvolved to be capable of this violent crime.

Finally came a figure that she had never seen before, a small grey man with a blank face—a face—Edgar's "Smith"—and Sunny's "Smith." For Sunny had seen him, too. Yes, "Smith" was the solution.

Polly tried to think back to her past with Lionel, searching her memory for anyone they had known whose face could fill in the empty oval confronting her. Was he one of Lionel's dupes? Or someone who had loved her and met with Lionel's watchful jealousy?

No answer. There just wasn't an answer.

She smoothed off the last of the cream, threw down the face tissue, and lighted a cigarette.

The bed hung with its white net didn't invite her much. Sleep seemed a long way off, and none of the bedside books likely to take her mind off the problem. A sleep, a long sleep, was what she wanted more than anything in the world to-night.

In her dressing-case she had a small box of sleeping-powders, something a doctor had given her almost a year ago after influenza.

She'd hardly touched them since then, but to-night they were welcome.

She took one out, emptied it into a glass of water, and swallowed down the cloudy, faintly bitter liquid. Then under the net, stretched out in the warm darkness, she fell asleep almost at once, as deeply as she had wished.

She woke almost as suddenly, annoyed, furious to find herself conscious again. The luminous face of her bedside clock told her that she had slept for only three hours. It was one o'clock. Mad-denling! That was often the way with things that forced sleep.

Polly closed her eyes, determined to doze off again, but thoughts came crowding in, and, anyhow, the night wasn't still any more. The wind had risen, there was a peal of thunder, and in a minute or two the beat of the rain.

She switched on the light, pushed back the net, and sat up. The window was wide open, the curtains pulled aside, but the rain wasn't coming in here. This window faced east and the storm was a westerly, blowing and raining in angry squalls.

Polly remembered that on her way up to bed she had looked at the lightning through the landing

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 10

window and noticed at the same time a big arrangement of white lilies and roses on the table there.

Now, the thought that the rain and wind were battering them made her get out of bed. She thrust her feet into slippers, put on a dressing-gown, and opened her door noiselessly.

The house was still. There was only a well-shaded lamp alight at the end of the landing. Sunny didn't like the house to be plunged all in darkness, ever. A bad sleeper herself, she roamed about a good deal at night in search oficed drinks or magazines or company.

The window beyond the well, where the stairway rose out of the hall, was at the far end of the landing.

Polly went softly over the thick carpet and softly, inch by inch, started to lower the sash.

While she was doing it, another sound, not wind, not rain, came to her ears.

She stopped with the window almost down, and, listening, the sound she had heard was the faint tap of a typewriter, and it had

BUTCH



"You'll find it lots more comfy without these lumpy thousand-pound bundles."

come from Penella's room, the nearest one to where she stood.

For a moment she could have sworn to it, and the next it had stopped. She listened again, and it struck her that that faint sound of the window closing must have disturbed the writer.

Penella using a typewriter, secretly, at this hour of the night! And it was secretly, since she hadn't owned to having one. Penella the writer of an anonymous letter!

Polly couldn't believe it, for she suddenly realised how fully she had accepted the Inspector's idea that Sunny was the writer of that letter summoning Lionel down here.

Who could have thought it was the work of someone full of life and attraction like Penella? It had seemed stamped as the action of a soured, frustrated woman searching for sensation down crooked paths, enjoying vicariously a drama of her own making.

But if it was Penella the reason now rushed on Polly. Owen, Penella wanted him, and had looked on him as more or less her own property until she, Polly, had come on the scene.

She finished shutting the window and crept to Penella's door. She thought—she couldn't be sure—but she thought that there was no light in there.

Her curiosity grew and grew as she stood breathlessly outside the door, waiting and listening. Then, resolutely, she turned the handle.

Fortunately, everything in this old house functioned smoothly. The gold-painted china handle turned round in her hand without a sound. She opened the door an inch or two. Darkness met her. She opened it wider and looked in. The light filtering in from the landing showed her that the room was empty.

For a minute she stood staring in across the wide blue carpet to the open window hung with long curtains. This had been Edgar Rutherford's mother's room, and it was

still furnished with solid mahogany furniture and the big bed.

Polly thought: Then it wasn't Penella who had been typing. If Penella had come up here to go to bed, wouldn't the room advertise the fact, with things lying about that she'd scattered while she was waiting for the house to go to sleep before she used her typewriter?

No, Penella was probably over in Edgar's look-out. They often spent half the night over there, playing cribbage, drinking, chatting in a desultory way. Edgar never seemed to go to bed, and Penella would stay up with anyone who would keep going.

But someone else could still have been in here, could hastily have hidden the typewriter again and stepped through the window at the side on to the small iron stairway that led down into the garden.

Well, they wouldn't come back this way!

Polly went across the room, looked out on to the rainswept stairway, then closed and locked the window.

Now the mystery was taking hold of her firmly, and if she could find its solution she was going to. If anyone had escaped by that outside stairway they would have to re-enter the house by the vestibule door below, which was always unlocked. Right now they might be in the kitchen or the pantry waiting till she herself had gone back to bed.

Noiseless as a shadow, she slipped downstairs, groping her way through the dark hall to the vestibule. She turned on the light there, went through all the rooms below, and looked carefully. There was no one about.

Ending her search at the front door, she paused. That was open, and through the wire door she could see across the lawn and through a break in the trees to the window of Todd's room.

There was a light burning there. Todd was awake, and she wondered if someone, instead of re-entering the house, had slipped across the garden and taken cover in his room.

There was a good excuse for anyone to pay him a visit to-night. Polly had heard Sunny telling Edgar that Todd had a poisoned finger and was nervous of it as people are who are strangers to such ill. Johnny had had a look at it and prescribed hot fomentations.

She turned and took a coat and umbrella out of the cloak cupboard, unbolted the wire door, and stepped out into the rain. It was still coming down heavily, had been ever since she woke. She went across the spongy lawn to Todd's room.

Very quietly she approached, kept off the gravel, though there wasn't much chance of her being heard in there with the rain beating on the roof. She crept up to the low window and looked in.

So I was right, she thought. As she'd guessed, Sunny had heard the closing of the landing window, had scuttled down the outside stairway in the dark and over the garden to Todd's room, making his poisoned hand an excuse for a visit at this late hour. Clever Sunny, clever and cunning.

Polly thought: But I was cleverer still!

Like someone in the darkened stalls she watched the unconvincing little play inside.

Todd was sitting in a chair at the table with his left hand in a basin of hot water, gazing up with the bewildered expression of a rabbit caught in a snare at Sunny standing beside him. She was looking down at him, speaking to him reassuringly.

Polly couldn't see her face, but the unshaded electric globe beat full down on the broad back in the pale grey house-gown. She wasn't four feet away from that figure inside.

Suddenly Polly's eyes grew wider. She shaded them with her hand, peering closer, focusing only on that shapless back, that grey head . . .

Then she drew away from the window and started to walk back quickly towards the house.

She'd been wrong, all her reasoning had been wrong.

The mystery wasn't solved. It had merely taken on one more turn.

To be continued

The NEW LIPSTICK CHARMOSAN



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There's nothing like a new tie to cheer you and liven up an old suit. Tootal's offer a fine choice of colours and good designs. Their ties wash perfectly and are branded 'Tebilized' for tested crease-resistance.

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TIES

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Confidence

AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU



Full of confidence! Ready and eager to take her place on the court! *Confidence brings success.* Place your confidence in genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. The medical profession and public alike have had absolute confidence in genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. for over 25 years. VINCENT'S A.P.C. is a proved and fully accepted medical prescription and relieves the pain, reduces the temperature and stimulates the nervous system.

TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE

For 'FLU & COLDS, SORE THROAT, LARYNGITIS, TONSILLITIS, HEADACHES.



VINCENT'S

A.P.C.

Genuine PINK

POWDERS & TABLETS

ASK FOR NEW LARGE SIZE and always have Vincent's handy! VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders are now available in two sizes: NEW LARGE SIZE containing 24 powders and the regular size containing 12. Large size is even more economical! If you prefer tablets ask for the new bottle containing 48 VINCENT'S A.P.C. Tablets.



GET MAD and look sour because a glove won't go on right? That's no way for a lovely lady to behave. Your public likes to see you pretty, not petty.



REPAIRS don't need all this deep concentration. Forgotten your escort?

Oh, Lady, Lady!



BEETLING BROWS, mouth like a witch. All because the sauce won't pour. Silly, isn't it?

HERE'S HOW YOU LOSE YOUR LOOKS

You see them every day, well groomed, beautifully dressed girls and women, spoiling the lovely picture they make by some little unattractive though unconscious mannerisms... Don't be one of them!



LOVELY LADY, looking her best. She's Fairy Folkes, model, who demonstrates here how a beauty can momentarily look other than her elegant self.



BARGAIN - HUNTING look, hunched shoulders, pursed mouth, "Is it worth it?" stance.



BE ABSORBED in your companion's words, by all means. But don't get all intense and hitch shoulder-strap unnecessarily.



SMOKING ERROR. Lay that cigarette down, lady! No one looks a cover-girl with dangling cigarette or smoke in the eyes.



IMPATIENCE over an engaged telephone number can cancel out every vestige of charm.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 23, 1948

Page 15

Ask any Holden Distributor or Dealer for the Free Booklet: "GENERAL MOTORS NEW AUSTRALIAN CAR".

"Soft as a fleecy Cloud"

THE PERFECT
POST-WAR FABRIC

Softer even than velvet, Eagley Softaspun will not chafe the tenderest skin. With its form-fitting elasticity, perfect absorption and snug softness, Eagley Softaspun is the most comfortable of all cotton interlock underwear fabrics. It's run-proof, boil-proof and guaranteed by the famous name of Eagley!

Eagley Softaspun
UNDERWEAR

"Soft as a fleecy cloud—is not spoiled if boiled!"

AT ALL LEADING STORES

EAGLEY MILLS, COLLINGWOOD, VICTORIA

Dr. Evatt presides at momentous U.N.O. session



GUESTS with their host at U.N. dinner given by M. Auriol, President of French Republic, L. to r. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, U.S.A., M. Auriol, Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, India.



MRS. EVATT, who accompanies Dr. Evatt when he attends world conferences, and her husband greet Mr. Hector McNeill, assistant to the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, at a party.

Wife and daughter attend sittings, follow speeches by earphones

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

As wife of the Chairman of U.N.O., Mrs. Evatt occupies the main loge in the huge Theatre of the Palais Chaillot in Paris, now converted into the Nations' forum, listening attentively through earphones to translations of speeches.

Apart from a natural feeling of great pride, Mrs. Evatt says that she is glad from the point of view of the United Nations that her husband has been made chairman.

"I BELIEVE he is the sort of man who can make the United Nations run smoothly, because he really believes that it is the one organisation which can make peace possible," Mrs. Evatt said.

I saw her shortly after the Australian Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Evatt, had taken his place on the great Louis Quatorze chair to preside over the momentous gathering of 58 nations, now in Paris.

She has been to most sittings of the Assembly, with her daughter Rosalind.

Mrs. Evatt is no stranger to Paris. She was here first in 1926, when her husband was on his way to England to appear in a Privy Council case.

In 1938 she returned to study painting, but this time she has not had time even to see the Louvre, Petit Palais, or other great Paris treasure houses of art.

She says the "problem of keeping house for my husband has taken all my time, when I'm not listening to debates."

"I am amazed at the frightful rise in the cost of living in all food commodities in Paris since I was last here. I cannot imagine how the French are able to make ends meet."

"Even foreigners with hard currency must budget carefully."

The Evatts have a small apartment half way between the Australian Embassy and Palais Chaillot. Rosalind is studying the flute with Marseau, chief flautist of the Paris Opera, while she is in Paris, and she is also taking French lessons.

The Palais Chaillot, one of the most modern buildings in Paris, and one of the largest buildings in the world, dominates one of the most beautiful sites in Paris, terraced gardens descending to the Seine, with the Eiffel Tower and the Champs de Mars beyond.

Designed in severe, modernistic style, the Palais is the work of French architects Jacques Carlu, Louis Boileau, and Leon Azema.

The text inscriptions carried out in stonework, paying tribute to Arts, Sciences, and Letters, were written by the well-known French poet, Paul Valery.

The crescent-shaped Palais covers an area of 8000 square metres. The theatre forms the centre from which curve two wings. Normally these are filled with fascinating museums and monuments, but are now converted into 450 offices for the U.N.O. Secretariat, press, radio, telephone, and television sections.

Architects have taken care to see that despite temporary alterations the architectural treasures of the Palais should be preserved. When you arrive at the Palais, you find the telephone switchboard installed in the huge nave (a reproduction of Chartres Cathedral) and workmen sawing wood on boxes containing Rodin statues.

Magnificent sixteenth and seventeenth century frescoes have become the background for bars, where the delegates and Press may take refreshments, after a hard Assembly session.

There are 15 women delegates, and assistant delegates, among the delegations of 58 nations.

India is the only country with three women representatives. The Indian delegation is led by distinguished Madame Vijay Lakshmi Pandit, sister of Pandit Nehru. She is India's Ambassador to Moscow, and President of the Indian U.N.O. Delegation.

In picturesque Indian costume, she always arrives at the Palais with Mesdames Shrimati Lakshmi Menon and Shrimati Leilamani Naidu, two assistant Indian delegates.

There are only four other countries which have women representatives with full delegate status.

These are the U.S. (Mrs. Roosevelt), the Dominican Republic (Miss Minerva Bernardino, who is president

of Inter-American Women's Commission), Pakistan (Madame Shaista Ikramullah), and New Zealand (Mrs. A. M. Newlands).

Mrs. Newlands comes from Timaru, South Island, and is chairman of the New Zealand Housing Committee. She has done much valuable work on the New Zealand Hospital Board. She stood as Labor candidate last elections, but was defeated.

"I am glad and honored to be appointed to the U.N.O. delegation, because I feel that international affairs can be managed only by women being represented alongside men at these great world conferences," she said. "It's a great thrill being in Paris and seeing all the things one has read about all one's life—the Palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau and the Louvre—but I do miss my daily milk in Paris."

"I don't know how the French can keep healthy, with no milk, and with the prices of food so high."

On Third Committee

IN the opening sessions Mrs. Newlands has at times been New Zealand's chief representative on the important U.N.O. Third Committee, which is now examining the draft Bill of Human Rights. In spite of her busy public life, Mrs. Newlands manages to keep house in New Zealand for her husband and two grown-up children—a daughter, 13, at the University, and a son, 22, in the Air Force.

Mrs. Roosevelt spent her 64th birthday on October 11 helping to draft the U.N.O. Bill of Human Rights. She said: "I didn't have time for celebrations, but immersing

oneself in important world problems is one way of forgetting one is growing older."

Her French is so good she conducts interviews with the French Press entirely in French.

She is one of the few English-speaking delegates of either sex capable of doing this. She says: "I'm sad to discover ignorance about the positive work of U.N.O., not only among people at large, but even among those in public life."

"It is regrettable that disagreements in various U.N.O. bodies get so much more publicity than the organisation's accomplishments. I still believe, despite setbacks, if we remain together, that, in itself, is a great step forward."

Most picturesque among the army of 1800 newspaper correspondents of all countries is elderly, grey-haired Madame Genevieve Tabouis, who, between the wars, was reputed to know more diplomatic secrets than any other newspaper writer, man or woman.

In her time she scooped the world with stories of European intrigues. Now she is a frail little figure, moving quietly among the tougher reporters and batteries of cameras. She has attended every important international conference since the first World War.

Said she: "I see no signs of peace coming from this conference. I see only clashing voices and propagandists."

Perhaps she has seen too much in her time. These days what she writes has no longer the significance of yore. Madame Tabouis still writes a column for a French newspaper, but she no longer gets scoops.

Most other women at U.N.O. are more optimistic than she.



DR. EVATT leans across from the President's table to share a jest with General Secretary, Trygve Lie. Dr. Evatt is holding apparatus which enables the delegates to hear speeches in any one of five languages.



GENERAL ASSEMBLY of U.N.O. The President of the French Republic, M. Vincent Auriol, is giving his inaugural address.

Madame Pandit is the second woman in the world to become a fully fledged Ambassador to another country. The first was Madame Kolontai, who, after the first World War, was appointed Soviet Ambassador to Norway.

Madame Pandit says that only good can come out of U.N.O.

Short, blonde Miss Bernardino, Dominican Republic delegate, has fought the case for equal rights for women at U.N.O. since the San Francisco Conference in 1945. She is the most smartly, strikingly dressed of the women delegates.

Her fantastic hats make men, and women, turn to have a second look at her.

Australian Mrs. Jessie Street worked with her at San Francisco, and, as a result of their efforts, an equal rights clause has been inserted in the Draft Declaration of Human Rights now before U.N.O.'s Social Humanitarian Committee. Jessie Street was also at the conference, this time as an independent observer.

Of independent means, Miss Bernardino is able to devote the whole of her life to the cause of women's rights. She is working hard in committee planning to help expectant and nursing mothers.

"Millions of lives could be saved the world over if only we can make this a fundamental part of U.N.O.'s social programme," she says.

Australia has no women representatives on the U.N.O. delegation.

OCTOBER 23, 1948

THE EMPIRE CONFERENCE

THE British Commonwealth Conference in London has brought together representatives from the widely scattered peoples of the Empire.

Dr. Evatt, leader of the Australian delegation, went from the international conclaves and clashes of U.N.O. in Paris to the family discussions and dissensions in London.

Which is the more important of the two?

On U.N.O. centre the hopes of the world that rival nationalisms and opposing ideologies may be kept at arbitration point rather than gunpoint.

U.N.O., therefore, must be considered the more important.

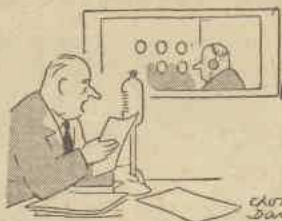
But in the stresses and peril of the world situation, the solidarity of Empire feeling and the successful settling of intra-Empire problems is also a matter of the greatest urgency.

Small nations cannot stand alone to-day. Australia is strong only as a member of the Empire Commonwealth, and so is Britain in her post-war exhaustion and depletion.

In London now, Empire leaders are attempting to arrange effective dovetailing of defence and economic and industrial effort in the various dominions and colonies.

On their success must depend, to some extent, the influence Britain can wield in the deliberations of U.N.O.

WORTH Reporting



"Tune in to-morrow night—same time, same station, same depressing news."

Students' N.Z. trip

THE overwhelming response of Australian University students to an invitation to work in New Zealand this summer leaves the authorities with the difficult problem of deciding who should have preference.

Only two hundred are needed, but so far 800 have applied.

The idea is for students to obtain practical experience in their chosen careers as engineers, social workers, scientists, and so on, in an overseas country. They will pay for their own berths and sail early in December.

The plan was inaugurated by the National Union of Australian University Students under the Vacation Employment Exchange Scheme. Melbourne Arts student Noel Ebbs, who is general secretary of the National Union, recently returned from New Zealand, where he finalised arrangements.

Originally the idea was to exchange New Zealand and Australian vacation workers, but passages cannot be obtained for the New Zealanders this year.

Students will spend their first two weeks hitch-hiking and sight-seeing and begin work in the new year.

Accommodation is being arranged by the New Zealand Employment Service, but many of the boys and girls will be billeted in the homes of New Zealand students.

WE liked the faintly mysterious air of the advertisement we read lately in the houses for sale columns. It read: "Diselling, mobile, fittings include automatic brakes, bath, sink, stove, electric light, ice chest, etc."

Rice diet

HAVING heard that doctors are prescribing rice for hypertension, or high blood pressure, cases, we asked a well-known physician about the value of this commodity in the treatment of the disease.

He informed us that while in some cases it was very helpful, it was not important to others and could never cure.

"If high blood pressure is accompanied by a heart complaint or dropsy then it is important to have rice in the diet because, when eaten with milk and sugar, it secures an adequate reduction of salt," he said.

"This is important to such sufferers because a minimum intake of salt ensures a minimum retention of fluid in the body."

The doctor said a rice diet usually lasted ten days, and was regarded medically as a purely temporary measure.

He told us that the value of rice in the treatment of the disease was not a recent discovery.

"It has been used off and on for some time, and came to light again recently in America when it figured in the diet of a number of cases with favorable results," he said.

He stressed the fact that it was not always necessary for sufferers from high blood pressure to diet.

"A great many sufferers from the disease would be better off if they stopped worrying about their diet and just ate sensibly," he said.

"The idea that they must diet carefully is pure fallacy, and dates back to the days when everyone believed implicitly the ridiculous notion that white meat did wonderful things for you, while red meat did untold damage."

Job in Rhodesia

A YOUNG Australian, Fred Hemensley, formerly of Cairns, Queensland, has an interesting job shopping for Rhodesian farmers, buying them anything from a needle to a tractor.

He is on the "shopping" staff of the Farmers Co-operative Store in Salisbury, capital city of Southern Rhodesia.

Owners of the store are farmers who take up shares and at the end of the year get a dividend and a rebate on all their purchases.

The shopping section is to help busy farmers who cannot get into town to shop.

"Although farm implements and spare parts for machinery are our routine shopping jobs, we get all sorts of unusual requests," Fred told our Victorian representative, Tora Beckingsale, who is visiting South Africa.

"A farmer wishing to celebrate a wedding anniversary asked us to select a string of pearls valued at £100 for his wife."

"A woman asked for curtain rings, another for hair curlers, and requests for cigarette papers, mosquito gauze, chemist's prescriptions, and especially baby's diapers are commonplace."

Men in the shopping section have everything very efficiently arranged.

They sit at tables with a telephone and bell handy. When they get a request they strike the bell and in come two natives smartly dressed in brown uniforms with "Co-op" across their shirts.

The natives are sent out to do the actual purchasing, because the shopping section has a list of where to buy practically any article likely to be needed.

Fred Hemensley and his wife, formerly Audrey Souer, of Bundaberg Qld., went to Africa because Fred had been fired with the desire to return there after passing through Capetown with the A.I.F. during the last war.

They are happily settled in a Salisbury suburb with their two children, Merle, 4, who was born in Australia, and their baby daughter, Kaye, who was born in Rhodesia.

Their household includes a native boy gardener appropriately named "Orange."

Versatile inventor

MR. WALTER LUCAS, a South Australian technical engineer, whose most recent invention is a grave-digging machine, has a long list of inventions to his credit.

During the war U.S. and Australian Army authorities asked Mr. Lucas to make a portable acetylene generator which would operate on any grade of carbide. Four thousand of these were later sent to engineers in forward positions.

Three months ago the wheat cargo of the Walter S. Luckenbach seemed doomed when the vessel developed a leak at Port Adelaide. Mr. Lucas was called in and within 24 hours had devised a robot wheat elevator which took off 8000 tons of grain.

He has since had requests from grain merchants throughout Australia for replicas of his robot elevator.

The elevator is capable of lifting a ton a minute. As the cargo was taken off the ship it was stored on the dock-side in portable wheat silos, an earlier Lucas invention.

The portable silo comes to the merchant or farmer in prefabricated light-gauge steel sections varying in size from six to 18 feet square.

It requires only to be bolted together.

Mr. Lucas claims that the silo, if turned on its side, with the outer walls insulated and a roof added, will make a temporary house, which afterwards can be used for storing water.

While superintending the work with his wheat elevator at Port Adelaide Mr. Lucas noticed that men who could otherwise have been used on work above were kept busy spreading the wheat in the hold to keep the ship on an even keel.

It's hardly necessary to add that at the moment Mr. Lucas is perfecting a machine for automatically spreading and trimming grain.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

PROPOSAL of the South Australian Branch of the B.M.A. that doctors should be paid double fees for visits at night, on Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and public holidays has some justification—though it's an alarming prospect for wage-earners whose family medical expenses are already a bugbear.

The principle of time and a half and double time payments for overtime is pretty generally recognised in industry, while it doesn't arise in most of the professions.

Doctors have long complained that people are apt to put off calling the doctor till night-time: often the patient is no worse, but becomes frightened in the night.

Against that must be placed the possibility that if the proposal for higher night-time fees were adopted, a sick person might dangerously delay calling his doctor.

Yet again, there are many citizens to-day who don't like to ring a doctor outside his hours, and could do so with a clearer conscience if the visit were paid for at higher rates.

If the proposal is adopted that £50 maximum allowable deduction for medical expenses from income tax had better be increased, as it should have been long ago.

IT'S reported that police are hiding the ranges in jeeps in North Queensland after cattle duffers.

We shall have to revise our national ballads along the lines of: "And one was there, a stripling, in an old and battered jeep, it was something like a tank, but undersized..."

SOME months ago I mentioned the ill-feeling existing between anglers and spear-fishers. I note with pleasure that the Underwater Spear Fishermen's Association of N.S.W. is beginning this summer in the right spirit.

Members have agreed not to spear fish within 50 yards of anglers and have adopted several peace-making rules. One rule states: "No member may point a loaded spear-gun at anyone."

I had no idea things had gone as far as that. It suggests that some spear-fishers are aggressive fellows. Still, from what I know of rod-and-line anglers, violent emotions are often concealed in those immobile figures and blank expressions that decorate the headlines.

Anyhow, the rule is a good start, and I hope that the same peaceable spirit may develop between yachtsmen and speedboat owners and Rugby Union and Rugby League fans.

Who knows how far it may spread?

A RELIABLE Authority and an Unimpeachable Source

Met for a drink in a tavern (hooded and masked, of course);

Said the first, "Before we utter, I hope you have made quite sure That none of those horrid reporters are concealed behind the door."

I am thinking of giving a party, just for a few of our friends,

For Spokesmen, Observers, and Experts who know the Significant Trends.

It's entirely Off the Record, but ought we to keep a seat

For that other anonymous figure, the mysterious Man in the Street?



"Andam, how DO you keep them so quiet?"



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of Giants, where their yacht is seen by **THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of

the island, who befriends them and saves their yacht from destruction by two enemy Colossi. The party are about to leave, when Barton remembers their mission—to find the flame pearls. The giant is consulted, and points to the water of the harbor. Excited, Barton descends in diving helmet to the ocean bed, but all he can find is coral. **NOW READ ON:**



TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ The Devil's Envoys

FRENCH film producers show scant respect for any of the standard types of plots on which Hollywood and Britain rely so often.

Robert Kapferer Productions is showing a French product, "The Devil's Envoys," at the Variety Theatre in Sydney.

More judicious pruning would have lifted it easily into top grading. The semi-allegorical story is set in the 15th century.

The Devil sends two envoys—Giles (Alain Cuny) and Domenic (Arletty)—to break up the betrothal of aristocratic Ann (Marie Dea) and Renaud (Marcel Herrand).

Because his plan is going rather awry, the Devil himself (Julius Berry) arrives to encourage the fight of evil against good.

Except for Arletty and Marcel Herrand (both seen here in "Les Enfants Du Paradis") the cast is unknown, but they respond to the masterly hand of director Marcel Carné.

Apart from the bombastic semi-geniality of Julius Berry, the film is dominated by the acting of Marie Dea as the romantic, passionate Ann.

★ Anna Karenina

IT takes more than an expensive production and willing players to make a success of a classic Russian tragedy.

Count Leo Tolstoy's novel "Anna Karenina" was first published in 1873.

It presented Anna as a beautiful, intense woman swept away by a consuming love which blinded her to reason and ended in her suicide—all in the tradition of Russian literature.

Greta Garbo starred in two film versions of "Anna."

The first was a silent film called "Love," made in 1927, with John Gilbert playing the role of Anna's lover, Vronsky.

The second was in 1937, when Fredric March was Vronsky and Basil Rathbone Anna's husband, Karenin.

Both were memorable productions. Sir Alexander Korda made "Anna Karenina" recently in a British studio, starring Vivien Leigh. Sir Ralph Richardson, and Kieron Moore.

It is one of the most disappointing films of the year, as, apart from the acting of Richardson and the elaborate settings, no reality has been brought to one of the world's best-known tragic stories.

For a start, I could not accept Vivien Leigh as a figure of deepest drama.

She wears Cecil Beaton's gorgeous costumes with the grace we saw her recently display on the Australian stage as Lady Teazle, but she invariably is Vivien—not Anna.

Unusually heavy make-up and a thick black wig add to her years, but Anna's depth of emotion and final utter despair are not within the scope of her acting ability.

Sir Ralph Richardson as Karenin towers over the rest of the cast, and is the only one of whom Tolstoy might have been proud.

An amazing mistake by Korda gave the role of Anna's lover, Count Vronsky, to the young Irish actor, Kieron Moore.

I can only assume that the poor young man was overcome by the opportunity of playing opposite Vivien Leigh and in the company of Sir Ralph Richardson, because he could not have looked more stunted. Taking it all in all, Greta Garbo need have no fear that her portrayals of Anna have been superseded. She still stands alone.

The film is at the Embassy.
Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Phone girls who hope to hear King say "Hello"

They handle all calls to other countries from Australia

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

A group of 26 young women, who work in a small corner of the crowded telephone exchange room of the General Post Office, Sydney, are looking forward to hearing the voices of Their Majesties and Princess Margaret during next year's Royal tour.

Known as the "million-dollar-circuit girls," they handle all radio-telephone traffic between Australia and other parts of the world.

THEY work round the clock in relays, and arrange over 25,000 incoming and outgoing connections a year.

Radio-telephone facilities will be available to the Royal Family wherever they stay during their tour, and also at all stopping places scheduled for the Royal train.

Any calls overseas that Their Majesties or Princess Margaret may desire will be arranged by any one of the girls who operate the "over-seas lines."

The Postmaster-General's Department takes every precaution to ensure that telephone conversations between Australia and overseas are held in strict privacy, and the operators know they will be able to "stay on the line" only long enough to be certain that the Royal caller has a completely satisfactory connection.

Nevertheless, the girls feel that even this brief personal association with the Royal Family will be something of which they can be proud.

Said 23-year-old operator Coral Trevithick, who is only 4 feet 9 inches tall: "I get lost underfoot in crowds, so I won't have much chance of seeing the Royal Family during the tour. But if I'm called on to arrange a radio-telephone connection for them I'll feel pretty happy and so will the other girls."

Telling the time

RECENTLY, I spent some interesting hours at the G.P.O., Sydney, watching these girls at work.

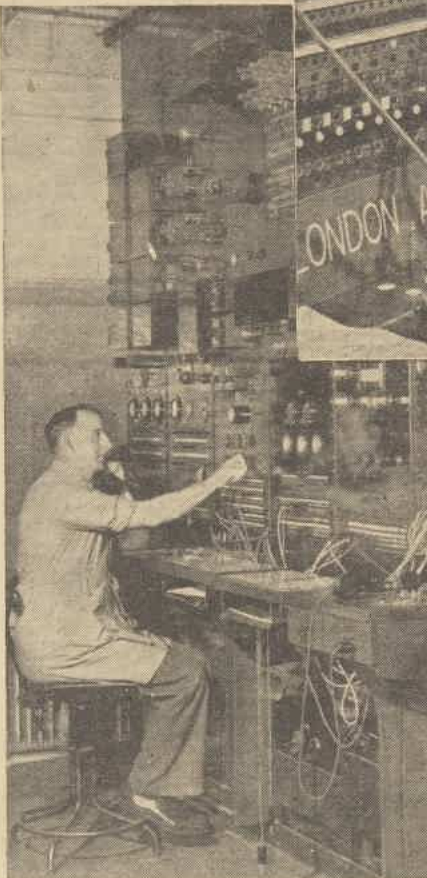
My guide was Jim Adams, traffic officer in charge of the overseas radio-telephone service for the past five years.

He told me that girls on "over-seas lines" are recruited from the ranks of trunk-line telephonists.

"They must know thoroughly Greenwich Mean Time, which is used throughout the world for international phone traffic, and must also be able to transpose it rapidly into Standard Time in the various Australian States," he said.

"If an Australian subscriber books a call to someone in New York at 10 p.m., New York time, our operator must be able to tell him when to expect the connection here, because it's ten to one he doesn't know how to transpose time."

The girls work in pairs. One gets the Australian caller, or receiver of a call, ready, while the other ar-



TECHNICAL EXPERT Bill Hart directs traffic on the radio-telephone terminal at G.P.O., Sydney. Has many phone friends on overseas exchanges.

ranges the connection and supervises its quality.

Before I met the girls, Jim Adams told me to notice their voices. He said I would be impressed by them—and I was.

They speak softly, clearly, and without any affectation.

"When a girl is selected for the



AFTER two years on overseas switchboards, operator Gwen Stallworthy still gets thrill talking to other countries, but finds Colombo difficult, as operator's English is hard to follow.



JUNCTION TERMINAL equipment is tested by technician Keith Lehey. Australia is keeping pace with the world in equipment.

cisco, and about to go to bed for his Tuesday night's sleep.

I unsuccessfully fought my tendency to shout and cross-talk, and Mr. Parkinson had to ask me several times to repeat remarks.

On the other hand, Mr. Parkinson spoke evenly and quietly and I heard clearly everything he said.

Jim Adams and Roger Parkinson are close friends, although they have never met.

They discuss various aspects of the radio-telephone services over the phone and also correspond. Both say they have learned quite a lot from each other.

Roger Parkinson described Australia's radio-telephone service as "fast and efficient, with the number of calls between America and your country increasing daily."

"I feel I'm pretty close to Australia verbally, and I can say your service has made good progress in the last 12 months," he told me.

"Our returning G.I.s kept the lines busy right after the war with calls to your girls. They're still going fairly strong, and a lot of our other citizens seem to have personal or business interests in Australia now." Auburn-haired Gwen Stallworthy,

who operates one of our radio-telephone boards, and comes from Collarenebri, N.S.W., likes the San Francisco Exchange best.

"It's always the clearest," she told me. "I know the voices of some of the girls there and we usually have a little talk."

"They tell us about the weather, or what they're having for lunch or dinner."

"They often ask us to chat with them so that official visitors to their exchange can tune in and listen to the clarity of the line."

Barbara Bernel likes London Exchange best.

"The London girls ask me all sorts of questions about Australia, and some of the men tell me they're coming out here," she said.

Doris Bakewell, one of the two monitors on the radio-telephone section, said she is very rarely called on to help the operators out of difficulties.

Global service

AUSTRALIA'S first radio-telephone line was opened between here and London in April, 1930.

To-day the service extends to most parts of the world.

Two channels to London are kept busy all the time six days in the week with a daily break of two hours, from noon to 2 p.m., for maintenance. They are open for a shorter period on Sunday.

Australia now has two channels to America, and they are open seven days in the week. The San Francisco Exchange "meets" Australia at 6.15 in the morning over both channels and stays until 10.30 at night.

Australia is also connected, through London, to big liners on the trans-Atlantic run.

The P.M.G.'s Department can now arrange business conferences between parties in Australia, New Zealand, and the U.S.A., each member speaking as in ordinary conversation.

It is an unwritten law for radio-telephone operators throughout the world to bid each other the time of the day, whatever time it is in the country with which they are dealing.

An Australian operator arranging a connection with a London operator at 9 o'clock in the morning, Australian time, opens her conversation with "Good-night, London," and receives the reply, "Good-morning, Australia."

The greetings will have an added significance when the operators are making a call for one of the Royal visitors.



OPERATORS Gwen Stallworthy, Barbara Bernel, Ann Swartz, and Coral Trevithick at work at some of switchboards on Australia's radio-telephone service. Girls are looking forward to new soundproof room.

YOUNG PLAYERS IN SISTER ROLES



YOUNG ACTRESSES Gwenda Wilson (left) and Dorothea Dunstan play sisters Tracy and Dinah Lord in "The Philadelphia Story," a play which revolves round the gradual deflation of Tracy's over-developed ego. Here, the haughty Tracy reprimands exuberant Dinah, who prouettes cheekily.

★ Gwenda Wilson and Dorothea Dunstan, featured in "The Philadelphia Story" at the Minerva, Sydney, are two talented actresses who have gained their acting experience in amateur and professional companies. Both have appeared in a number of successful productions and toured Japan last year.

Gwenda, who comes from Kew, Melbourne, first acted with the Tin Alley Players in that city, made her first professional appearance in the title role of "Janie" for J. C. Williamson in 1943. She then played the leading role in "Kiss and Tell," which holds the Australasian record for a straight play with a run of 53 weeks in one theatre. Early next year she will try her luck in England.

Dorothea Dunstan, of Hurstville, Sydney, was only 13 when she made her first professional appearance in "The Women" nine years ago, has since appeared in a number of shows, including "Susan and God," "Love on the Dole," and "Peter Pan."

Dorothea is engaged to radio script writer John Reid, and they hope to go to England when they marry.



DINAH (Dorothea Dunstan) speaks her youthful mind on Tracy's intolerance of other people's faults. Tracy (Gwenda Wilson) has already been jolted by a few home truths uttered by her former husband.

STRAIGHT remarks from her father shatter Tracy's high opinion of herself, and Dinah waits for her sister to become more human.



"I'M GOING CRAZY!" exclaims Tracy when Dinah relates her (Tracy's) escapades after drinking too much champagne at party the previous night.



THOROUGHLY ALARMED, Tracy, who cannot remember all that happened, tries to shake Dinah into admission that she is not telling the truth.



CLIMAX. Finally coming down to earth, Tracy rejects priggish suitor and re-weds first husband. A triumphant Dinah hands her the wedding bouquet.

It isn't the washing-up that wears the surface off your sink...



It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on a soft cloth...



VIM's added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the porcelain



You To Come Home To

Continued from page 9

LOIS moved away from the house, out into the vegetable garden beside the windmill. There was no stir in the air, and the wheel hung still. Huge gums edged the paddock near the shearing shed and the stockyards, their leaves listless.

The rainwater tank hugged the corner of the house, the woolshed leaned crazily towards the chopping-block, and the clothesline—strung from the tank-stand to a pole in the ground—waited for the washing. There was plenty to look at, but nothing to hear.

Lois went around the side of the house, past the oleander trees. From the front steps she looked at the stretch of wilderness beyond the driveway. Presumably that was the flower garden.

Indoors, her eyes travelled around the living-room. It was hardly fair, she thought, to blame the comfortlessness of everywhere upon poor Agnes. Before she died she surely must, for instance, have shaken occasionally the seat cushion of the chair beside the lamp and the radio.

But possibly not, for, as Lois took up the disconsolate-looking object and gave it a vigorous shake, the perished cover quietly gaped open, leaving her in surprised isolation in a small sea of kapok.

This didn't impress her as much as it might have, for, if everything was in such a state, lists were called for—lists of things to repair or to renew. But that meant money, and she suddenly remembered that yesterday Tom had said—very well, no new things, just repairs. But, for heaven's sake, that meant money, too; even if she did the work, the goods would have to be bought.

Restlessly, she moved to Tom's chair near the lamp, not realising how hard the seat would be without the deceased cushion. She had several interesting comments to make, but what was the good without a soul to listen? And there wouldn't be a soul till Tom came back.

"Mrs. 'Amilton!" a voice called then.

Lois jumped as his voice clashed into the silence, then she ran eagerly through the hall to the kitchen. It was Bert. The old man was putting down an armful of wood.

"I've to mend the fence down by the fork, Mrs. 'Amilton. It'll take me all day, so I've brought in plenty of wood."

"Thank you, Bert. That's fine," replied Lois. Then, as he turned to leave, "It's hot, isn't it?" she said, hoping she could string out the conversation a little.

"Summer," Bert said laconically. Lois listened to his departing footsteps on the earth that was as hard as rock.

If she had realised she was letting herself in for all this! She turned away from the doorway, rather sickly reminding herself that Tom had warned her it would be hot and that she would be much alone. But she also remembered that he had said the bush had a fascination, that once it got you under its spell it never let you go.

She looked sombrely at the wood Bert had brought in. The fascination of the whole thing was certainly eluding her.

Twelve o'clock finally arrived, but no Tom.

Lois realised then how much she had counted on his coming early this first day. All the morning she had kept looking at her watch, and she had started dinner unnecessarily early, to be sure she would be on time.

She tried for a time to keep the food in an edible condition, on a stove whose tricks she had yet to learn, but the panicky hollowness that kept sweeping over her every time she went to look for him as the hours passed was something she had never dreamed could happen to her.

At four o'clock he turned up.

"Oh, darling, I've been frantic," she said when he kissed her.

"I was wishing I could let you know I'd be late. Found we had to take the sheep up beyond Four Mile."

No apologies, just the assumption that she would take for granted that nothing came before his job. This first day, though, surely he could have—

Lois had taken the dinner off the stove some time ago, as the only hope of salvaging it. She suggested that he have a cold-meat sandwich, and they'd have supper early.

"All right," he agreed, and went out to the drip-safe which stood on the back verandah. He came back carrying a dish with the remains of a leg of mutton on it.

His face had grown serious. "I don't remember a summer when we couldn't use Four Mile. This last week has just about finished every paddock on the place."

Those hours of waiting had quenched any feeling Lois had for the paddocks.

"Fill the kettle, will you?" she said shortly, "while I make the sandwiches."

Tom looked at her, then, without a word, went over to the sink.

Lois knew she had been unsympathetic, and she longed to undo the harm with some gay, casual words, but the stark sunshine beyond the window caught her gaze and carried it out to the endless miles of still, solemn bush, and fright came over her.

She wanted suddenly to run away, she wanted bricks and mortar, she wanted to be in the centre of a million people.

That night they were sitting on the steps at the front of the house. Tom was leaning against the railing post and Lois, next to him, was thinking back over the evening meal. It hadn't been a good idea trying to save the midday food. And she and Tom had not been close together—the bush had been right there at the table between them.

Moodily she stared at the moon. She envied it—sailing a little while ago over Manhattan.

"Lois," Tom said quietly, "come here."

She turned her face to him. "I am here."

His strong arm drew her close. "No, you're not. You're ten thousand miles away. And I'm lonely."

"Sorry, darling," she added, with a flippancy she didn't feel.

"Maybe you should have married an Australian girl, you'd have got a better wife."

"I'm satisfied," he said simply.

There was silence for a few minutes, then Tom spoke anxiously. "You must be very tired to be so quiet. Let the housework rip to-morrow."

She wished he would stop talking about the work.

"Bert must help you all he can."

"Not!" Her pride came galloping up. "I don't want help, I told you."

"All right. All right."

Silence fell again.

The following Monday Lois was hanging laundry on the line.

All the morning, as she had gone about her household tasks in the dry, flameless heat, she had ached with longing for the snow that perhaps was falling in New York.

She leaned down to take another sheet from the clothes-basket. Stoop, stand erect, throw sheet over line; stoop, stand erect—any fool could do that kind of calisthenics, she told herself furiously.

Turning back to the kitchen, the sprawling oleander trees at one side of the house and the watties at the other caught her eye. She was already watering the vegetable garden and the grapevines. What if she did have to water the oleanders and the watties, too? She might as well carry water over the whole countryside while she was about it.

When Tom came home to dinner his face was set with anxiety.

"It's no good, darling, worrying so," she told him. "It'll rain some day."

"But we can't wait. I don't know what'll happen if it doesn't come."

ALFRED



"Even if it IS your camera, Alfred, I think you might let the other fellows get into at least ONE picture."

soon. Yet I'm so scared of erosion I curl up whenever I think of a downpour, and with this heat, a storm might break at any time."

He took up the bread and walked into the dining-room with it. Half-way back, he burst out. "A man's responsible for his land, after all, not just for now, but for the future."

Land, land! Lois gritted her teeth as she filled the teapot.

"We've been putting some logs down the banks of Curly Creek," Tom went on, "though it seems waste of time when you think what's needed if a torrent comes."

Lois banged the kettle back on the stove, and her lips pressed hard together with silence.

"Yet, I suppose," Tom went on slowly, "every drop of water we save from running off is worth something."

He was obviously waiting for Lois to answer him, so she obliged with, "Do you?"

Tom stared at her. "Well," he said, "that's an intelligent comment, I must say."

Lois gave the mashed potatoes a vicious stir. "I don't profess to be intelligent about land. Especially when it's inflicted on me morning, noon, and night. After all, it's your land, you know. The meat is ready, if you want to take it in. And the tea, I'll bring the potatoes."

They barely spoke during the meal, and Tom stood up the moment it was over.

Please turn to page 28

SEE THE DIFFERENCE...

when your wash has that

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PERSIL GIVES THE WHITEST WHITES... THE BRIGHTEST COLOURS

Persil's oxygen-charged suds shift even deep-down dirt, not some of it—not most of it—but ALL of it. That's why a Persil wash is the cleanest wash of all... whites dazzling white... colours dazzling bright.

IT'S PERSIL'S OXYGEN THAT PUTS THE DAZZLE IN ALL YOUR WASH

P.195.47

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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for the skin

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CALCIUM

for the teeth

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and build yourself UP at the same time!

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in a delicious, nut-sweet form. This smooth-acting bulk helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination. It starts your system functioning again the natural way.

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All-Bran Butterscotch Squares

3 cup Kellogg's All-Bran; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind; 1 cup shortening; 1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup chopped nuts; 1 cup coconut or chopped lemon peel; 1 cup sifted flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder. Beat eggs lightly. Add All-Bran, salt and lemon rind and leave for 10 minutes. Cream shortening and sugar. Add All-Bran mixture, nuts, then stir in sifted flour and baking powder, mixing evenly. Bake in a greased cake-pan (8 x 8 inches) in moderately hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into sixteen 2-inch squares.

Delicious This Way.

Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Sold at all grocers. Get some to-day!

"Tired Blood" and IRREGULARITY go hand-in-hand!

BLEMISHES! When your blood lacks iron it gets weak and tired, clogged with impurities. Pimples, blackheads and boils follow. Kellogg's All-Bran cleanses out blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. Helps keep skin clear and healthy.

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IRON for the Blood
BULK for regularity

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
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GUEST OF HONOR. Governor-General, Mr. W. J. McKell, arrives at the Trocadero to attend Black-and-White Ball, and is greeted by president of ball committee Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere. Mr. Dekyvere is in background. Mrs. McKell accompanied her husband.



MAN BEHIND THE BEARD is Lieut.-Commander Billy Cook, with his attractive wife, Pam, and John Bonill. Pam won the Castillo model gown in a two-shilling raffle at ball, so evening was profitable one. Her ball gown was off-the-shoulder white model, ankle-length, and Pam pinned posy of roses at waistline.



THE WINNER. Sue Playfair (centre), who won the prize for the girl's best white frock, poses beneath life-sized blackamoor which was part of decor. Jennifer Chapman and Mora Dunlop (right) stood with Sue. Proceeds of ball are in aid of Royal Sydney Industrial Blind Institution.

Black-and-White ★ BALL ★



COUNTRY INTEREST. Stewart and Babe Nilsson (left) attend ball with the Roy Bradshaws. Stewart and Babe were down in Sydney for Race Week festivities from their property, Ohio, Walcha.



ENJOYING THE BALL. Cheery Arthur Cockerill and attractive wife Marjorie, from Herbert Park, Armidale. Their guests were Lang and Codge Gibson, Bill and Clare Moses, at Black-and-White Ball.



PRETTY YOUNG DANCER. Olivia Blanchard and Alan Skyring take a turn round the floor at the Trocadero. Olivia's frock of white marquisette with appliqued satin leaves was one of prettiest on floor.



MOTHER MADE GOWN. Lovely Maret Champion wore white tulle dress which her mother, Mrs. Gordon Champion, made of 60 yards of tulle. Maret was accompanied by John Verge.

GREAT exodus from Sydney as country people pack up and make tracks for the bush after Spring Meeting festivities. Even city folk decide they've "had" it for a while and decide to give up the social whirl—anyway, till next time.

Black-and-White Ball is outstanding social event of days and nights crammed with parties and racing. Lovely gowns worn top anything seen in Sydney for many a long day. Wish my punting instincts were as good as my bet on the winning dress, because I pick Elsie Albert as sure winner as she and her husband Lex arrive at Trocadero. Elsie's frock of white-spotted net and organdie must have made judges' decision an easy one, as even among hundreds of lovely frocks it stood out as a prizewinner.

Judges for the frocks this year were Lady McMaster, Mrs. Eugene Goossens, and Mrs. Lawrence Byrne. Think they must have had more of a struggle deciding on the young girl's best white frock than the matrons, as all the sweet young things looked charming. Sue Playfair won the prize. Her frock—a bouffant gown of organdie and broderie anglaise was sparkling white to match Sue's bubbling personality. Ruth Watt won the prize for the best black-and-white dress.

LOTS of private parties interspersed with club dances and after-race receptions. Walter Pyc's dance at Darling Point home was wonderful party. Walter borrowed Henry V. marquee designed by Louie Sainthill for Red Cross Flower Show. Red carpet was laid for guests from verandah of home to marquee. French champagne flowed and superb supper served to guests.

THANKS to Jimmy Bancks' efficient map, which Dorothy and Angus Macpherson sent out in form of invitation to their friends to party at their farm, Bellevue, Rosemore, not one of the 160 guests got lost on route. Gay summer cottons were order of day as Sunday dawned hot and clear.

Guests arrive in time for drinks before lunch, and later sat around in groups on the lawns and on verandahs partaking of buffet luncheon. Evie Hayes, star of "Annie Get Your Gun," came along with her husband, Will Mahoney, who flew down from Brisbane, and her mother, Eva Hayes. Evie explained to fascinated group of lunchers that her trigger finger was beginning to feel the wear and tear after 500 performances.

CONSUL-GENERAL for Colombia, Senor Molano, completely steals show at party given by Carlos Zalapa and his attractive wife, Marguerite (Witty) Zalapa, when they entertain more than seventy guests at home at Castle Hill. Senor Molano tried on every Mexican hat in the Zalapa home, and was life and soul of the luncheon party. Luncheon was served outside on patio to soft Mexican and South American tunes. Later strolling musicians swung into rumba time and guests danced before leaving for the homeward trek to Sydney.

MANY stifled yawns on Ladies' Day at Randwick as partygoers from Black-and-White Ball follow the gee-gees on the one really fine day of the meeting. Lots of pretty frocks make one and only appearance. And then the following Saturday rain pelts down again and its the suits that win again all along the line. Meet Mrs. Des Stratton, from Cootamundra. She tells me she and daughter Pat contemplate trip abroad early next year.

CHEERY letter from San Francisco from Australian Kay Pawkes, who tells me news of her engagement to Archer B. Forsyth. Kay, formerly of Sydney, is on staff of Australian Consulate-General, San Francisco, and was previously six years in Australian Embassy in Washington. Archer, who is an Englishman, is a graduate of Cambridge University, and now resident in Mill Valley, California, where couple will make future home after wedding, which will probably take place about Christmas time.

HASTY dash to Goulburn for lots of racegoers after last day of Spring Meeting at Randwick when they motor up to celebrate silver wedding anniversary with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown, of Springfield, Goulburn.

Nearly hundred guests entertained at dance at Fireside Inn, Goulburn, and all wish couple best of luck. Mrs. Maple-Brown's sister, Mrs. Graham Henderson, who was bridesmaid when couple were married at Goulburn Cathedral, was present with her husband, Mrs. Maple-Brown was Miss Florence Faithfull, and Mrs. Henderson Miss Valerie Faithfull. Other members of the party who had attended couple at their wedding were Mr. Olive Milson, who was a groomsman, and Henry Friend, who was pageboy. Both Mr. Milson and Mr. Friend brought their wives along to the party. The Maple-Browns' children, Jim and Diana Maple-Brown, and Jim's pretty wife, Pam, helped entertain guests.

joyce

HOLLYWOOD QUARTET



DENNIS MORGAN, popular Warners star, who has the leading role in the technicolor musical "My Wild Irish Rose," which is the film version of the life of ballad singer Chauncey Olcott.



SUSAN HAYWARD (above), beautiful red-haired star, won Academy Award nomination this year for her work in "A Woman Destroyed." She is co-star with Van Heflin in Universal's technicolor period dramatic story "Tap Roots."



DICK POWELL started his film career as a singer, but now specialises in thrillers. Husband of star June Allyson, he is working in "Rogue's Regiment" for Universal International, in which he co-stars with the newcomer lovely Marta Toren.



RITA HAYWORTH, who has returned from a European vacation to resume her Columbia contract. Her latest film ready for release is "The Loves of Carmen."



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KRUSCHEN salts
2/9 a bottle at all Chemists and Stores K10.8.



1 ALBERT THE GREAT (Charles Winninger) and his wife (Fay Bainter) in vaudeville act. Albert refuses to believe vaudeville could die.

2 STILL DREAMING of come-back, Albert rehearses children, Bert (Dan Dalley), May (Jane Nigh), and June (Barbara Lawrence), in old vaudeville act. To keep family he has had to take position in factory.

Give My Regards to Broadway

THE story of what happened to vaudeville veteran "Albert the Great" and his family after vaudeville took a final curtain on Broadway in 1928 is told in the 20th Century-Fox technicolor musical "Give My Regards to Broadway."

As Albert, Charles Winninger celebrates his 50th anniversary in show business. Star Dan Dalley, who has singing and dancing role in film, appeared at the age of six with a minstrel show, and tossed aside his high school books just before graduation to go on a vaudeville circuit.



3 CAUGHT DOING theatre poster, Bert does one for firm's baseball team at suggestion of Helen (Nancy Guild).

4 SHOW IS GIVEN by Bert and Dad at ball, though sisters leave act and Bert is now baseball enthusiast.



5 BIG BASEBALL GAME stops Bert going on 16 weeks' engagement with Dad, who is on way to station when cheers from game attract him. Misses train, and engagement, cheering for Bert.



6 FAMILY PARTY to celebrate wedding anniversary of Bert and Helen is opportunity for Albert and Bert to give brilliant performance of repertoire.

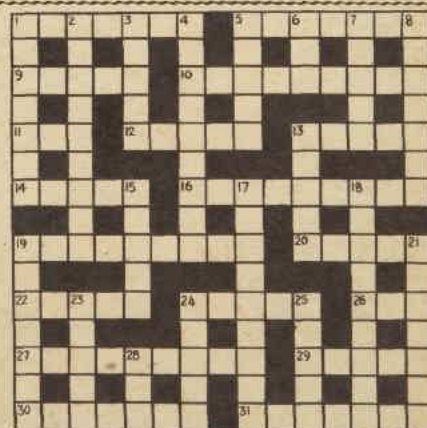
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 12

ACROSS

- 1-Pellow allowed to make a head wreath (7).
- 2-To be first in a competition, some find pleasant (7).
- 3-It trembles like a quill, for instance (5).
- 4-Peruse the costume and redirect in writing (8).
- 5-Black sailor? (3).
- 6-Hook is not finished right to employ in building (5).
- 7-Nay, he disturbed the animal - a laughing matter, perhaps (5).
- 8-Royal beer upset (3).
- 9-Listen, is it a drip from the roof edge? (8).
- 10-If returned I'd take ship and come in as a noncommunist (9).
- 11-A poetic open-hearted clergyman drugged? (5).
- 12-Weapon discovered in a Milan cellar (5).
- 13-Fall from a horse that makes an illegal bookmaker sick (5).
- 14-It's beastly company you two are? (3).
- 15-With merriment one resists a curl in the railway (8).
- 16-Leather strap (5).
- 17-If new form is shown, the Holy Trinity may develop into a gamble (7).
- 18-Oddly, not the poet who created Sir Patrick Spens (7).

DOWN

- 1-The idle talk that made Alice see one of the tea party? (7).
- 2-A mineral spring turns sugar into a vegetable (9).
- 3-Meat (5).
- 4-Burnt lute (anagram) (de-cries Nero's reign) (8).
- 5-If Henry is in we have a great swimmer (5).
- 6-Kelly the air-ops! (3).
- 7-Artisan makes a bee so fat (5).
- 8-By gum! You'll do it to the letter (7).
- 9-Watered the garden and got soaked for it (5).
- 10-Untruth by a false letter page, a vessel in fact (5).
- 11-Opera composer king is making the copper rust (9).
- 12-Knock. Gracious, the king's away and I'm ravenous! (9).
- 13-The sad expression of one fed up with unemployment relief? (7).
- 14-Positive betting advice that becomes a widow (7).
- 15-There's no snare in a composition for nine instruments (5).
- 16-Suitable carriage for a julep horse? (5).
- 17-Flexible ignited man (5).
- 18-Dramatic hint (3).



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 8

ACROSS: 1-Just-ice. 4-Sal-late. 5-1/2sp/t (pen turned). 10-Vinegar (anagram). 11-Term-in-us. 12-B-od. 14-Dera. 15-Planefire. 18-Age (hidden). 19-To/ma/ta so-up. 20-Apic. 24-Thin (anag.). 25-Man-drake. 27-New Y-eaf. 28-Trade (hidden). 29-Tr/rat/c. 30-Spr-pent.

DOWN: 1-Joint-ed. 2-She-arr (anag. rare). 3-E-nthu-si-ast (anag. hunt is turned). 4-Save. 5-Tin-to-of/s (or turned). 6-An-gel (leg turned). 7-Ea-rac-he (ear turned). 8-T-ail. 9-Pneumonia. 15-Agu. 17-S-ident (dirt turned). 18-Tr-ounce. 21-Piccate (anag.). 22-Eve-rest. 23-Edit (tide turned). 24-Tower. 26-Eric (anag.).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 8. £10 to Miss R. Farward, 22 Seymour St., Newtown, Robert. Tas.; £5 to L. West, 70 Arthur St., Under. S.A.; £5 to Mrs. E. Jackett, 27 Lamrock Ave., Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

The Australian Women's Weekly - October 23, 1948

HALO

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OR DRY HAIR**

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WILL



GLORIFY



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HALO SHAMPOO

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The name Westclox on the dial of any alarm is a guarantee of accuracy and reliability. Plastic cased, the Westclox ROBIN is a handsome and colourful new member of a famous family. Available in Black, Green or Cream—with plain or luminous hands and dial. Regularly distributed to all Jewellers and Stores but, at present, in limited quantities. However, the Westclox ROBIN, now made in Australia, is well worth seeking.

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New Hope for DEAF children

How a mother in the privacy of her own home may help her little one to a happy normal life like other children.

Thousands of little children, who were born or have become deaf, can now grow up to live happy, useful lives. Until now, the special corrective tuition necessary to overcome this handicap has been, for many, too EXPENSIVE or inaccessible. But now BELCLERE HEARING AIDS have arranged for a wonderful new training course to be placed within reach of EVERY DEAF CHILD IN AUSTRALIA. Now a mother may train her own deaf little one AT HOME, at nominal expense, under experienced guidance and supervision.

Now the ELLA GREEN CORRESPONDENCE COURSE for the guidance of parents of Deaf Children, published by the South Australian Oral Kindergarten (Govt. Subsidised), provides a simple step-by-step course. Now, every mother who really wants to help her deaf child, can, herself, open the road to normal life in the privacy of her own home.

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THE UP-TO-DATE UPLIFT BRA

You To Come Home To

Continued from page 22

LOOKING strained and withdrawn, Tom said, "I have to get back to Curly Creek, and there's a fence on the Plains I must look at first."

Lois went to the back verandah to watch him mount and ride off. For the first time, he didn't wave to her.

She knew she had hurt him. And suddenly she knew something else, something that made her lean—sick—against the verandah post. She knew she would go on hurting him. That every time he showed how much he valued these miserable acres, she would behave worse. Until her resentment would pile up and up and she would behave so badly that—

She walked quickly back to the dining-room and cleared the table, then went to take the clothes off the line. As she came outside, she was suddenly aware of something unnatural. That rising breeze, coupled with a black bank of cloud on the horizon, held a threat even to her inexperienced eyes.

Suddenly, lightning slashed through the cloud, followed by a terrific clap of thunder.

Lois ran to unper her sheets, but almost at once the breeze became a wind and it lashed the sheet fiercely against her, making it impossible for her to free the clothes-line.

After a minute she gave up and ran back to the house to dash around closing windows and doors.

The sky now had become one great swirling black cloud, and the wind tore against the house, with a back-ground of another sound Lois had never heard before. Not until the first hailstones came hurtling down did she know what it was, and then the noise was deafening with the roar on the galvanised-iron roof.

And Tom was out in that bombardment!

From the kitchen window she watched the hailstones pelt down on the washing, tearing it to shreds, saw them beat down the vegetable garden till it was pulp. Rain, pouring down, cascaded over the ground, carrying the earth before it.

And that's what it was doing to all of Wendal. Lois could close her eyes and see the good topsoil of Tom's precious land going into the gullies. She could picture Tom on his horse in the sparse shelter of a gumtree, soaked through and staring ahead—beaten, maybe, but unconquered all the same.

Nothing would ever conquer his devotion to this accursed land of his. He was more married to it than he was to her. How she hated it!

The peak of the storm passed, the noise of the wind died down, and the quietness came back. Lois looked again at the remnants of her laundry on the line, at the wreckage of the vegetable garden, then whirled from the window.

How could you fight things you couldn't control? What was the good of trying? Tom was crazy.

It was just then that Bert arrived, his sodden clothes clinging to him. "Where's the boss, Mrs. 'Amilton?" His voice was urgent. "We need him at the creek."

"Didn't he get there? He left right after dinner," Lois thought back. "He said he was going to look at a fence on the Plains first."

Bert moved quickly to the door. "He wouldn't bother with the fence once he saw the storm coming. He knows we've to 'aul every log we can before the water runs off."

Neither of them needed to say, "Something's happened to him!" They both knew it, and life seemed to stop for Lois.

Bert was halfway out the door. "Did he say East or West Plains?" "Just—the Plains. Bert! What can I do?"

"Look for 'im down the main road, but it's no good going beyond the fork. Don't go into the paddocks—I'll ride the short-cut to Curly Creek

and get the other chaps and we'll fan out over both East and West Plains." He gave her a sharp look. "Take it easy, Mrs. 'Amilton. We got to be able to count on you." He hurried off.

Lois gulped a deep breath, then raced to the front of the house and out to the driveway, her sandals sliding on the hall that was still left. "Tom, you've got to be safe—you've got to be!" The words fell out jumbled with terror.

Once on the main road, where inches of dust had become heavy mud, she had to slow down. She reached the point to which she had watched Tom ride away. There was no sign of him, and she ran on and on, under the high, clearing sky.

At the fork, she sank gasping on a crumbling grey log, her eyes searching the two branches of the road. She saw nothing but a few bunched sheep in a paddock and everywhere the whipped desolation that follows a hailstorm.

She ran her hand over her face. This couldn't be happening. When Tom and she had had only such a little time together. He couldn't be dead. She wouldn't let him die. Nothing, nothing could take him from her.

Then she saw him—over in the paddock where the fence was down. He was walking very, very slowly, and leading his limping horse.

As soon as Lois was within speaking distance, "Tom!" she cried, "are you all right?"

He put up a hand as if to ward her off. "A few—his breath

caught, "r-ribs, I think. That clap of thunder—Pete bolted. He stumbled—rolled—on me."

"Oh, darling!" Lois' whisper was more like a broken gasp.

"I was—trying—to get home—as fast as I—could. Thought you'd—be frightened."

Lois didn't trust herself to speak for a moment. She took the reins from his hand and stepped between him and the horse.

"Don't try to talk," she said. "Lean on me. Put your arm around my shoulders. Take your time. We'll walk very slowly."

"Nuisance. So much—work to—He bit his lip furiously.

"Yell if you want to."

Tom tried to bring a grin to his face that was grey and running with sweat from the pain. "Hurts—to—y-yell."

After a moment, "Poor old Wendal," he muttered. "Fences—trees—soil. The place is shot to—"

The pain caught him and he stopped. Lois tightened, to support him. "It isn't," she said stoutly. "It's going to be all right."

Those earlier thoughts of hers flashed over her—not as criticisms now, but as constructive points. And a kind of exhilaration came over her, as if she were going to be fighting for something that had had an unfair deal.

"Come on, sweetheart, don't stop. I want to have you home and in bed and bandaged up. Then we'll talk about all the things we'll do for the place." The place that suddenly was hers as well as his. "Nothing can beat the two of us," she added almost fiercely.

"You mean—Oh, Lo!" Tom's voice broke. "I thought—you—hated it."

"Steady, darling!" Lois cried. "Mind that tussock! I—Oh, Tom, I love you so."

He grunted. "Nice thing—when a man can't kiss his wife—because of his b-blasted—ribs."

Lois couldn't speak for a moment, then, lifting her head to the coolness of the storm-washed air, she said softly, "You have all your life to kiss me, darling."

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P48-2

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

NEARLY everyone seems to be planning for the sunny days ahead, or for parties, so my advice this week deals with summer clothes in general.

Must look cool

"PLEASE suggest a design for a sun dress in pink and white rayon material, of which I have 4½ yds. I want it to look cool, because the summers where I live are terribly hot. I want fullness in the skirt, but would like something newer than all-round gathers from the waistline. The bodice must have fullness, too, because I am rather flat-chested. I am making the dress myself, so please give me something simple."

Your striped material will look cool and fresh if you make a high midriff shaped and fitted, a gathered halter bodice, and billowy skirt made in gathered sections. This type of skirt is featured in French resort fashions. It is not at all difficult to make, and, I think, extremely effective. You will find the bodice-top I have designed extremely flattering to your figure, because of the fitted section under your bosom and the gathers over it.

Dress for the beach

"UNFORTUNATELY, I have one of those skins that won't tan, and I am not able to wear halter-tops without becoming sore and red. Now I am faced with a fashion problem. I am asked to join a party at a seaside cottage during the Christmas holidays. Can I wear cotton street dresses?"

It depends on the design of the dresses. Actually I am quite sure you will feel happier at the seashore if you dress in beach clothes. A shirt worn with shorts or slacks is chic and attractive for the girl

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

who can take her sun only in limited doses. Furthermore, this type of outfit definitely belongs to the vacation wardrobe. An alternative idea, and one that is also new and pretty, would be a bare-top beach dress worn either with a matching stole or matching cape. The stole or cape will give ideal protection against sun and wind burn. Or you might think about a loose blouse reaching to below hip length and belted at the natural waistline—worn over pedal-pushers.

Tennis dress

"AS a member of a country tennis club, I am writing to you about a design for a snappy tennis dress. None of the girls in the club are very keen on shorts and a shirt, so we thought you might suggest a style we could all copy. If all the girls had the same dress it would be like a uniform for our own little club. Would white or a color be best?"

A one-piece dress made with a skirt cut to well-above-the-knee length would be a smart and practical design for a tennis dress. Choose white definitely in preference to a pastel. White looks smarter on a tennis court than a color, and is more practical, as tennis outfits are laundered frequently.



THIS TYPE of sun dress suggested for pink-and-white striped rayon is based on French resort fashions.

For a material, I advise pique, or for that matter any white washing cotton, just so long as it has a good firm weave. Have the bodice of the dress styled with cap sleeves (no pads necessary), a turned-back shirt collar, and an action-back pleat centre back. Short skirt would be circular in cut. Wear the dress over matching briefs.

Basic silhouette

"WHAT silhouette do you consider would be new without being extreme for a basic dress? The dress is to be made of black crepe, and I would also like some suggestions for using white with it."

An easy bodice, a deep armhole or dolman sleeve, natural hipline, and little waistline, plus a moderately full skirt, with much of the fullness brought to the back, are the points to keep in mind for your basic dress. A white pique capelet would be a good quick change accessory and a smart accent.

Stockings important

"COULD you please tell me if it is correct to go stockingless with a linen suit or a cotton dress in the city? I would also like to know if beige is still a smart shade for stockings."

Strictly speaking, I wouldn't say bare legs are a correct fashion with city day-cottons. However, with certain types of casual cotton dresses, suntanned legs can look quite charming—but the legs must be well groomed and well cared for. In current fashion, the shade of your stockings is a noticeable part of a complete ensemble. It can no longer be any old beige; it must echo or blend with the color of your dress or suit.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... IT'S ROUGH SAILING ahead for this boy-friend unless he learns to take better care of his hair. (What a sight!) Dull, lifeless, untidy-looking ... and yes, loose dandruff, too. He's certainly got Dry Scalp. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



ALL SMOOTHED OUT now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic — and it can help your hair, too! Massage your scalp with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily to supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind — to help check Dry Scalp and loose, irritating dandruff. It's the easy way to bring new life to your hair and keep it smooth, well-groomed.

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Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"COLINETTE" — An attractive striped cotton skirt, in burgundy and white, pale blue and white, navy and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32 in. waist, 26/29. Postage 10½d. extra.
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"MIRIAM" — A tailored cotton jacket in burgundy, pale blue, and navy.

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"SUSAN"

"EMMA"

"EMMA" — A full dirndl skirt of summer breeze material. The colors are white spots on a sage-blue or deep pink ground.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32 in. waist, 15/9. Postage 10½d. extra.

"SUSAN" — A jabot-style blouse in rayon crepe - de - chine, in white, pastel-blue, and pastel-pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 25/11; 36 and 38 in. bust, 27/3. Postage 1/0½ extra.
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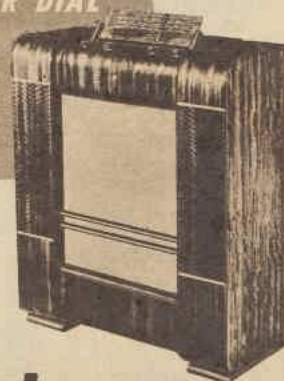
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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. N. & L.

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The Young Idea

ALTHOUGH teenagers have special clothes, cosmetics, and hair-dos designed for them, they are not always happy about their appearance.

Getting into beach outfits—bathers and shorts—is a welcome change for most girls, but some others write to tell me that they are embarrassed by figures that seem out of proportion.

To quote the words of one worried miss . . . "I am a typical teenager and seem to be growing too fast for my figure. Please don't think I'm unhappy about this. I think growing up is great fun, and I have lots of good times, but can I do anything about thin legs and shoulders that look awful?"

At this age thin legs usually go with a thin body, and just a few more birthdays invariably bring about attractive changes in general development.

In this connection the story of Lucille is interesting.

Lucille was fifteen years old, tall for her age. A dozen times a day her mother wearily repeated, "Lucille, stand up straight."

And a dozen times a day Lucille would patiently stretch up to her full height only to slump down again when the maternal attention was distracted.

But eventually she did stand up straight.

She was twenty years old when she landed a job as a model because she knew how to do just that—stand up straight. And out of that job came a film career.

Once "in" she had to learn to speak, act, dress, and dance. But she got in because she knew how to stand and walk.

Casting offices maintain this is rare and valuable knowledge.

"Learning to stand, walk, and sit correctly was the hardest thing I ever did," Lucille says now.

"I was five feet six and a half inches tall, and too thin. I stooped to disguise my height and developed a hump. I had to learn that erect, easy carriage is attractive, and that my height was an asset when it came to wearing clothes.

"Good posture," says our star, "is one trick that can be done with the aid of mirrors. Begin by looking yourself over. Are you round-shouldered? Or swaybacked? Or do you lead with your stomach?"

"Whatever the trouble, it can be solved by simple exercises.

"Begin with the simplest deep-breathing ones. If your chest is up and out, shoulders back, tummy will fall into line." Stand erect, breathe in, rising high on the toes. Breathe out, returning to original position. Do it over and over again. Even when sitting and you feel humped and cramped, you can straighten out the kinks by sitting well back in the chair, breathing deeply. Sit tall, and keep the knees together, because spread knees now mean spread hips later on.

"To help a swayback, which is the kind of back that inclines to holowness, making hips look out of kilter and ruining the hang of your skirts, do this one ten times a day.

"Lie on the stomach with the legs together, clasp the hands behind you, and raise head and bust as high as possible without letting your legs leave the floor.

"To learn to walk correctly, stand erect against a wall, heels apart in natural position, toes straight ahead. Take a deep breath, exhaling slowly but keeping the

chest up. Walk five steps forward, arms and shoulders relaxed. Turn and walk back to the wall. You can vary this exercise by doing it with the arms out at the sides, palms down.

"But," Lucille adds, "the simplest way to improve your posture while walking is to walk with the head up and eyes front. If you watch your feet you can't avoid becoming round-shouldered.

"Also, if you're teen-age, don't wear high heels too soon or you'll become swaybacked. And don't carry piles of heavy books or a weighty brief case if you can avoid it. If you can't, shift the weight from arm to arm; otherwise you'll pull one shoulder down, enlarge one hip. Then you will look funny, and never able to buy clothes to fit.

"Walking, cycling, skating, ballet dancing are all helpful in developing the legs and building curves where they are wanted most, but one must be prepared to be patient.

"Heel-pulling exercises also help develop calf muscles, and merely require a book as a prop. Place the balls of the feet on the book and the heels on the floor, then raise the heels until you are up on tiptoe. Slowly lower heels to the floor. Start with ten pulls.

"Persevering in the matter of oil massage quite often results in improved contours, too. The oil, olive or almond, should be warmed by standing the bottle in hot water. After it has been spread on the skin it is massaged in with a small bristle or rubber brush. Allow five minutes to each leg. Rinse with clear water, work up a heavy lather of soap, and massage that in as well.

"Give several rinsings to remove oil traces, and after drying dust with talc to take away any sticky feeling that might be left."

Shoulder-blades of flying-butterfly variety are not attractive, but fortunately an everyday affair that can be remedied by concentrated flattening of the lower angles of the "wings" toward the chest.

Like this: Stand with feet apart, arms bent at elbows and held chest high with palms parallel with the floor, finger-tips touching. Now, pull the right elbow back firmly as far as it will go without twisting the torso, returning to the starting position to repeat with the left elbow, then with both elbows.

For the young girl there are few styles more becoming than this season's bare-shouldered trend, if she can wear it prettily.

But until nature rounds the flat, slim shoulders of youth to fuller curves, it is probably better to compromise on fluffier lines that are fashion right and flattering.



Muriel Steinbeck

First lady of Australian Screen and Radio says . . .

"I use 'Lip-Glo' to keep my lips fresh and colorful through long hours of work under Kleig movie lights and in hot radio studios."

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Use Liquid Lip-Glo for work or play . . . have lips that are irresistible all day through . . . no retouching, no lip-prints

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Liquid Lip-Glo with the free recharge phial goes twice as far and is available from all chemists and stores, for 3/6.

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The likely cause of his trouble is a blood-stream starved for minerals. You can help him through "BIDOMAK" to be again the man you married, for when he gets sufficient of the vital health minerals which "BIDOMAK" provides, these symptoms disappear and health is regained.

Steel Worker Restored to Health. "I am a steel worker," says Mr. F.R., of Glebe, Sydney.

"and at present working very long hours. I lost over 2 stone in 6 months and my nerves were in a terrible state, but I tried taking 'Bidomak' and I must say that after taking only two bottles I am a new man, and I have managed to put myself in the best of condition."

If anyone in your family is run down, nervy and upset, give pleasant - to - take "BIDOMAK" 3/- all chemists and stores.

The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

For Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed Feeling."



Man's Idea of real food!



Take any man, any age, set a dish of Heinz Spaghetti before him — the gleam in his eye tells you "it's his idea of something really good". Lusty nourishment . . . because it's made of finest wheat. So tasty too — he can taste those "aristocrat" tomatoes in the sauce, the choice cheese and spices. On its own, on toast, or with left overs, Heinz Spaghetti is a real meal.



HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI WITH SAUSAGES AND APPLE RINGS (Serves 3)
1½ lbs. Sausages. 4 Large Cooking Apples. 2 16 oz. Tins Heinz Spaghetti. Brown sausages in frying pan and cook slowly until thoroughly done. Remove from frying pan, pour off excess fat. Add 3 tablespoonfuls butter, and, when hot, add apples cored and cut in ½ inch slices. When brown on one side, turn, sprinkle very generously with sugar and cook slowly until tender, which will require only a few minutes. Heat Spaghetti, heap in centre of hot platter and surround with Sausages and Apple Rings.

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT BALLS

(Serves 3)
1½ lbs. Ground Beef. 1 Large Onion, chopped. 2 16 oz. Tins Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. 1 Green Pepper. Season Beef with salt, pepper and onion. Form into very small balls and brown in frying pan with butter. Push to one side of pan and add Spaghetti. Allow to heat thoroughly and heap on a hot platter, placing meat balls over the top and around edge. Garnish with rings of Green Pepper.



SPAGHETTI MEAT LOAF (Serves 4)

1 lb. Minced Steak. 1 Egg. 1 16 oz. Tin Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. Grated Cheese. Combine the Minced Steak, Egg, 1 teaspoon Salt, ¼ teaspoon Pepper and Heinz Spaghetti. Mix thoroughly. Pat into buttered loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn out onto platter and sprinkle with grated cheese.



HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI WITH POACHED EGGS

(Serves 3)
2 16 oz. Tins Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. 8 Poached Eggs. Parsley or Watercress. Rounds of Buttered Toast. Heat Spaghetti and arrange in mounds on toast. In centre of each mound place a Poached Egg. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or watercress and serve.



Woman's Idea of quickness & economy!

Every smart woman is out to save time preparing meals. Every smart woman wants to balance her budget. Every smart woman wants her family to have nourishing, energy food — that's why she relies on Heinz Spaghetti . . . all the year 'round. For a quick snack or hearty meal . . . keep tins of Heinz Spaghetti handy.

HEINZ Spaghetti

Other Varieties: BAKED BEANS, TOMATO SOUP, GREEN PEAS, BRAISED BEEF STEW, "57 SAUCE".

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Dishes from Norway

● Mme Lars Jorstad, wife of the Acting-Consul General and Minister Designate for Norway, very kindly supplied these recipes and prepared the dishes herself.

EVERY homemaker will be anxious to try out the recipes for the unusual and delicious dishes illustrated on this page.

HERRING SALAD (Sillesalat a la Kirsten)

One cup herring, 1 cup boiled or roasted cold meat, 1 cup boiled cold potatoes, 1 cup apples (raw), 1 cup salted or fresh cucumbers, 1 cup onion, pepper, sugar, vinegar, sour cream (or cream-cheese softened to consistency of cream with milk).

Soak the fish overnight. Flake and lay on a cloth to dry. Chop in very small pieces. Mix all together,

add cream with pepper, sugar, and vinegar. Form a mound on a plate. Garnish it artistically with chopped parsley, white and yolk of hard-boiled egg, beetroot, and carrots, and serve cold as entree.

FISH PUDDING (Fiskepudding)

One and a half pounds minced fish (haddock, barracouta, or leather-jacket), 1 pint cream (or thin melted butter sauce), 1 pint milk, 1lb. butter or margarine, 1 level tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg (if you like it).

The fish is cleaned, washed, and dried, and ground six or seven times. Work with a wooden masher or an electric mixer to a smooth paste. Add salt, nutmeg, and cornflour. Melt the butter and cool it.



WEARING NATIONAL DRESS, Mme Lars Jorstad, famed Consular hostess, with the delicious food which she prepared and served.

Add butter and work in, then add milk (in the beginning only 1 tablespoon at a time), and at last the cream or sauce. Work constantly until the mixture becomes soft like mush, although not too soft. Bake in a well-buttered mould placed in water-bath for 1 to 1½ hours. Serve with cream sauce, lobster, shrimps, or melted butter. If you have lobster sauce, pour a little sherry over the lobster and let it stand for a while. Before serving, put 2 egg-yolks and the lobster into sauce, heat it but do not boil it.

MOCK TURTLE (Forløren skilpadde)

Buy 2lb. veal steak or other part of veal. Boil it and let it cool. Then cut into small strips. Make brown gravy. Add the veal strips as well as very small meatballs made of sausage meat and fishballs. Heat well. Before serving add a little pepper and salt, as well as sherry or madeira. Decorate with hard-boiled eggs cut lengthwise into four pieces.

MEAT BALLS (Kjøttkaker)

Meat balls when made in the Norwegian manner are a main dish well worth serving. They are known as Kjøttkaker. Make this way:—

Combine 1lb. round steak and ½lb. pork finely ground. Add 1 cup dried breadcrumbs soaked in ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 medium-sized onion minced, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon each of ginger, pepper, nutmeg, and allspice.

Blend and knead thoroughly. Shape into small balls, brown in butter, shaking the pan so that the balls will brown uniformly and hold their shape. Remove to serving-dish. Add flour to pan, and enough water to make a medium-thick gravy. Return balls to pan and cook gently for 15 minutes.

STRAWBERRY CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, a quantity of mock cream (or whipped fresh cream when available), 2 baskets strawberries.

Beat butter and sugar well. Add milk and flour mixed with baking powder. Pour into greased pan and bake about 20-30 minutes in moderate oven. When cold split into two or three layers and sprinkle with sherry. Spread strawberries or other fruit between layers and on top of that whipped cream. Put the layers together and decorate with whole strawberries and cream.

RUM PUDDING

Half-pound sugar, 1 quart medium thickness boiled egg custard (or cream), 1oz. gelatine (or 2 tablespoons granulated gelatine), 8 egg-yolks, 1 gill rum.

Whip gelatine and custard over heat until gelatine is dissolved. Beat egg-yolks and sugar together until smooth and then stir in the custard. When cold add rum. Pour into a mould dipped in cold water and let stand in a cool place (ice-box) until firm. Serve with red fruit sauce.

Red Fruit Sauce: Mix 2-3rds. pint fruit juice with 1 pint water and bring to boil. Sugar to taste. Stir in a scant ½oz. cornflour mixed with water. Heat well, but do not boil. To this sauce can be added any kind of berries: raspberries, cherries, etc. (Serves 8-10 people)

MME JORSTAD'S FILLED COFFEE CAKE

Three ounces yeast dissolved in milk with sugar, 1½lb. flour, 2 eggs, 1lb. sugar, 1 pint milk, 1lb. butter or margarine.

Prepare dough of above ingredients (except butter) and let stand in a warm place to rise. Then beat in small amounts of butter with a rolling-pin, and let the dough "rest" a while between additions of butter. Let rise a second time. Then roll out the dough so that the length is double the width, put filling in and fold the dough over, and bend the roll into a wreath. Place on buttered baking-sheet and let rise for 1 of an hour, paint with beaten egg-yolk and sprinkle with sugar and chopped almonds. Bake in hot oven 30-45 minutes.

Continued on page 34



CLOSE-UP OF SOME OF THE DISHES: Mme Jorstad's filled coffee cake, fish pudding, the luscious strawberry cake, and herring salad, recipes for which are given on this page. Notice the attractive way in which Mme Jorstad served the herring salad. The mound is garnished in sections (like a jockey's cap), one with egg-yolk, one with potato, another with beetroot, and so on. Parsley is used as the dividing "fence."

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£2000 COOKERY CONTEST

Six progress prizes...

FINALISTS in our £2000 Cookery Contest will be announced in our issue of November 13.

Here are this week's progress prize-winners. (N.B.—All measurements in these recipes.)

SAVORY LUNCHEON TART

Pastry: Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3oz. good fat, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 tablespoons water, squeeze of lemon juice.

Filling: Three small green apples, 1 large onion, 2 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped red pepper (parboiled), 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Pastry: Sift flour, baking powder, salt and pepper. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll thinly, line 7in. tart-plate. Pinch a frill round edge, prick base and sides well with fork. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Remove, add filling, return to moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until filling is set, 40 to 45 minutes.

Filling: Slice apples and onion thinly. Place in saucepan with water, cover, simmer gently until onion is tender. Drain off any liquid. Place into partly cooked pastry-case, sprinkle with half the cheese and chopped capsicum. Beat eggs, add milk, salt, and pepper. Pour into tart-case, top with cheese.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. V. Stripp, 142 Alexandra St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

ANCHOVY SANDWICH SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Filling: Two hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon anchovy paste or 1 teaspoon curry powder, squeeze of lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to 1in. thickness. Prepare filling. Chop hard-boiled eggs finely, add softened margarine or butter, anchovy paste or curry powder, and lemon juice. If curry powder is used, flavor with salt. Spread over half scone dough, fold other portion over, press lightly. Cut with floured knife or cutter, place on greased oven tray. Brush tops with milk, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Bell, 7 Bath St., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

BAVAROISE PRINCESSE

Cake: Two eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 cup arrowroot, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, 1 teaspoon golden syrup.

Bavaroise: Half pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 1 cup warm water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 3 dessertspoons hot water, sliced peaches.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and then golden syrup. Pour into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, allow to become cold.

Prepare bavaroise mixture. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add milk. Stir over boiling water until mixture coats a silver spoon. Allow to cool. Add powdered milk mixed to a thick, smooth cream with the warm water. Fold in vanilla and gelatine dissolved in hot water. Pour into wetted 8in. recess tin. Chill until set. Unmould on to cold cake. Fill recess with sliced peaches. When available, 1 cup whipped cream may be used in place of the 3 tablespoons powdered milk and 1 cup water.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Duck, Jun., 148 Carrington St., West Wallsend, N.S.W.

JAMAICA FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces sultanas, 4oz. currants, 4oz. raisins, 4oz. peel, 2oz. cherries, 3oz. chopped prunes, 3oz. chopped dates, 2 tablespoons rum, 2 tablespoons port wine, 4oz. dried apricots, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1lb. margarine or butter, 1lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 1lb. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. blanched almonds.

Combine sultanas, currants, raisins, peel, cherries, prunes, dates, rum and wine. Allow to stand 2 or 3 hours. Dice apricots, add orange juice, stand 2 or 3 hours. Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with prepared fruits and chopped almonds. Turn into paper-lined 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) 3 to 3½ hours. Allow to cool in tin. May be left plain, or iced as desired.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Davis, 60 Woodstock, St., Guildford, N.S.W.

MEAT BALLS WITH CELERY

One pound round steak, 1 tablespoon diced onion, 3 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons wholemeal flour, 1 egg, 4 sticks celery, 1 teaspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon meat extract.

Trim steak, put through mincer. Mix thoroughly with onion, carrot, parsley, salt, wholemeal flour. Bind with beaten egg. Shape a dessertspoonful at a time into small balls, coating lightly with extra flour. Wash celery, cut into 1in. lengths. Drop into 2 cups boiling salted water. Add meat balls, cover and simmer very gently 40 to 45 minutes. Remove meat balls and celery on to hot serving-dish, reserve 1 cup of the liquid. Melt fat in shallow pan, add flour, brown well. Stir in celery liquor, water, meat extract. Continue stirring until boiling. Pour over and around meat balls and celery. Garnish with parsley, serve.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Wilkinson, 31 Fairfield St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

MALTED CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces dark chocolate, 11 cups milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon malted milk powder, 5oz. margarine or butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt.

Break chocolate into small pieces, place in small saucepan with milk. Heat over boiling water until melted and well mixed. Add brown sugar and malted milk, mix until smooth; allow to become cold. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with chocolate mixture. Turn into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, join with malted cream. Or may be made into two cakes, topped with malted cream and sprinkled with grated chocolate.

Malted Cream: Two ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon malted milk powder, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream margarine or butter, add sifted icing sugar a little at a time. Add malted milk, then milk a little at a time. Beat until smooth.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Parker, 53 Waitara Parade, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Dishes from Norway

MME JORSTAD'S FILLED COFFEE CAKE

Continued from page 33

Filling: 1lb. almonds, 1lb. sugar, 1 or 2 egg-whites.

Scald and grind the almonds and blend well with sugar and the slightly beaten egg-whites. Other fillings may be used.

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SPRING PICTURE. Array of flowers—blossom, arum lilies, tulips, delphiniums, magnolia flowers, orchids, and poppies—is displayed in a picture frame and held in a fan-shaped wall vase.



SPECTACULAR. Miss Hera Roberts' arrangement of massed crimson and white blooms—tulips, hydrangeas, camellias, and rhododendrons—in graceful alabaster vase.

Arrangements at flower festival

FLOWER arrangements shown on these pages were exhibits at the Red Cross Flower Festival, held in Sydney.

Particularly interesting were those of blooms of one color. Each bowl of flowers was displayed in a special setting. The more elaborate were placed on antique tables, others on wrought-iron and modern furniture, and, in several instances, draping was used.



RHAPSODY IN BLUE. Anemones, grape hyacinths, irises, and delphiniums were used in this all-blue arrangement, with a background of a pale-blue drape and mirror.



"HARMONY IN FLOWERS," arranged by Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, embraced white and off-white blossom, jacaranda, camellias, roses, and lilies.

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SPRING NUMBER BOWL. For this Mrs. A. Sweet-apple chose members of the daisy family, anemones, and ranunculi. Drapes of striped fabric and figured muslin added color. Mirror at rear reflects flowers.

Grow your own choice beans easily

YOU can almost see the halo round father's head as he offers mother a plateful of well-grown beans.

"Give them beans" is a good slogan for backyard vegetable-growers to adopt this summer, for they are not only easy to grow, but may be produced until frosts stop production.

In many gardens the first few rows have already been sown and are probably showing their first pods, but if this has not been done get busy, for beans grow rapidly and may be relied upon to produce some good crops for picking in about five to six weeks from sowing.

If the ground has not been prepared, dig deeply and incorporate plenty of organic manure. Almost any sort of manure can be used and mixed in about six inches below the soil. If the soil is reasonably rich in organic matter, a good sprinkling of superphosphate will prove helpful.

Lime is also helpful but should not be applied to soil that has been newly manured or much of the nitrogen and other necessary ingredients will be lost.

For ordinary garden purposes the beans should be sown in double drills or lines four inches apart, seven inches being allowed between the two rows, and at least 2 ft. 6 in. between the double drills.

Sow about 1 in. deep in heavy soil and 1½ to 2 in. in sandy soil, and cover with good soil. Firm the bottom of the seed-bed both before and after covering. Then water well. At this time of the year the beans should emerge within four to six days.

Beans require an open, sunny position, and should be protected from southerlies and other blustery winds that may blow them over or snap their brittle stems.

Some of the varieties that may be sown now are Canadian Wonder, Tweed Wonder, Hawkesbury Wonder, and Wellington Wonder—all varieties of the old Canadian Wonder that are resistant to various troubles. Brown Beauty, Improved Peltham's Prolific, Monitor, and Burpee's Stringless green pod are some of the best dwarf varieties.

Among the stringless butter beans are Black-seeded Wax, Brittle Wax, Startler, and Golden Cluster, the last-mentioned being of good quality.

The pole or climbing beans are also worth room on fences and trellises, the best being Epicure, General McKay, Kentucky Wonder, Scarlet Runner, and Snake Bean.—Our Home Gardener.



PICTURESQUE MODEL of a Mexican hacienda in desert garden created interest at Flower Festival. It was arranged by Mrs. Gladys Lister.

WHEN TODDLERS STRIKE TROUBLE

By Sister MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

EVERY child has "difficult" days, but in toddlers these can be multiplied if there is little understanding of the child's point of view.

Naughtiness is sometimes the result of a physical disability, and often has some explanation, which, if sought, found, and understood by an adult, will help in the happy management of the child.

The two-year-old who pulls down books and other articles may not have been provided with the right sort of toys—things that will satisfy a normal urge to touch and handle.

By providing him with play space, sets of blocks, toys he can push and pull, he will work off a good deal of natural curiosity about things and his own ability to manipulate them.

A leader giving suggestions on how to deal with some of these "difficult" nursery situations can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, South House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. If a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

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F5285.—Sunsuit and matching bolero. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5286.—One-piece dress styled with a whirl of pleats. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

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TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 29.

Needlework Notions...

No. 1100.—Little Girl's Frock
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*Fifty Years
My Favourite*



Bushells

The Tea of Flavor

